

Every Bioborg My Enemy!

Starring
PETER B. GILLIS story
GORDON PURCELL art
DUNCAN ANDREWS letters
MATT WEBB colors
and **ELLIOT S. MAGGIN** as the Beaveroid!

SOMEWHERE
DEEP IN THE
BIG NADA...

THEY'LL BE
COMING AFTER
YOU, YOU
KNOW, JOK--!

I KNOW,
HOAG.

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FINAL ISSUE!!

BY PETER B. GILLIS
& GORDON PURCELL

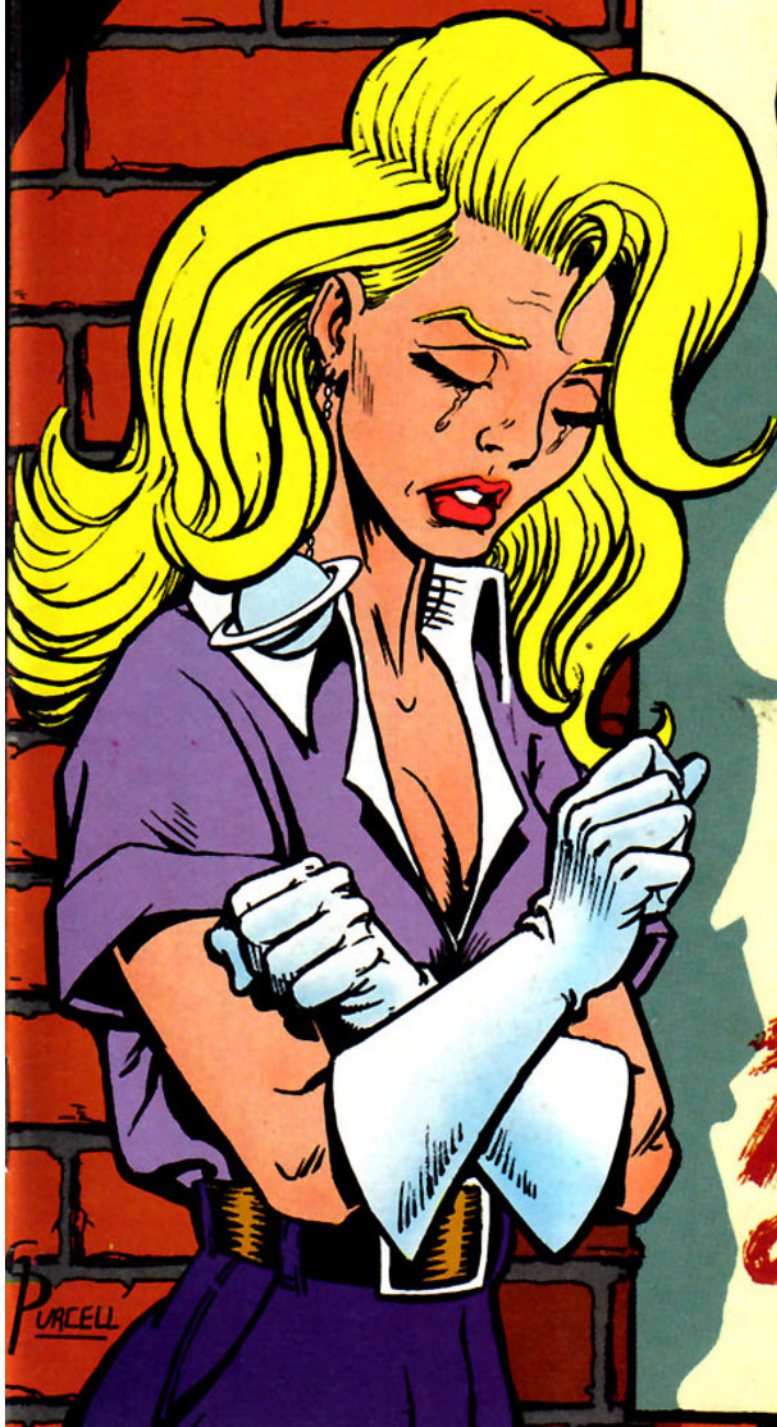
GAMMARAUDERS

WANTED

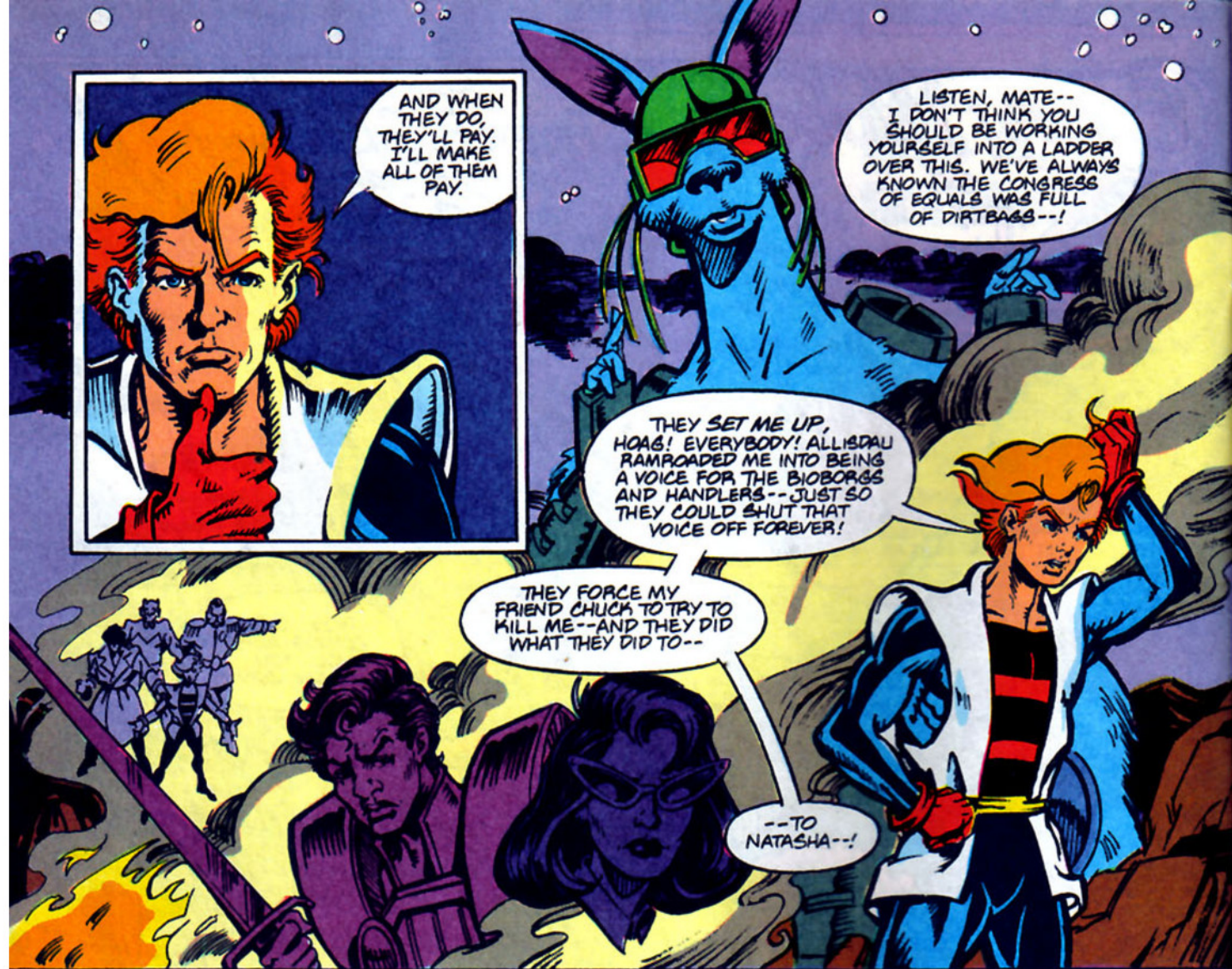


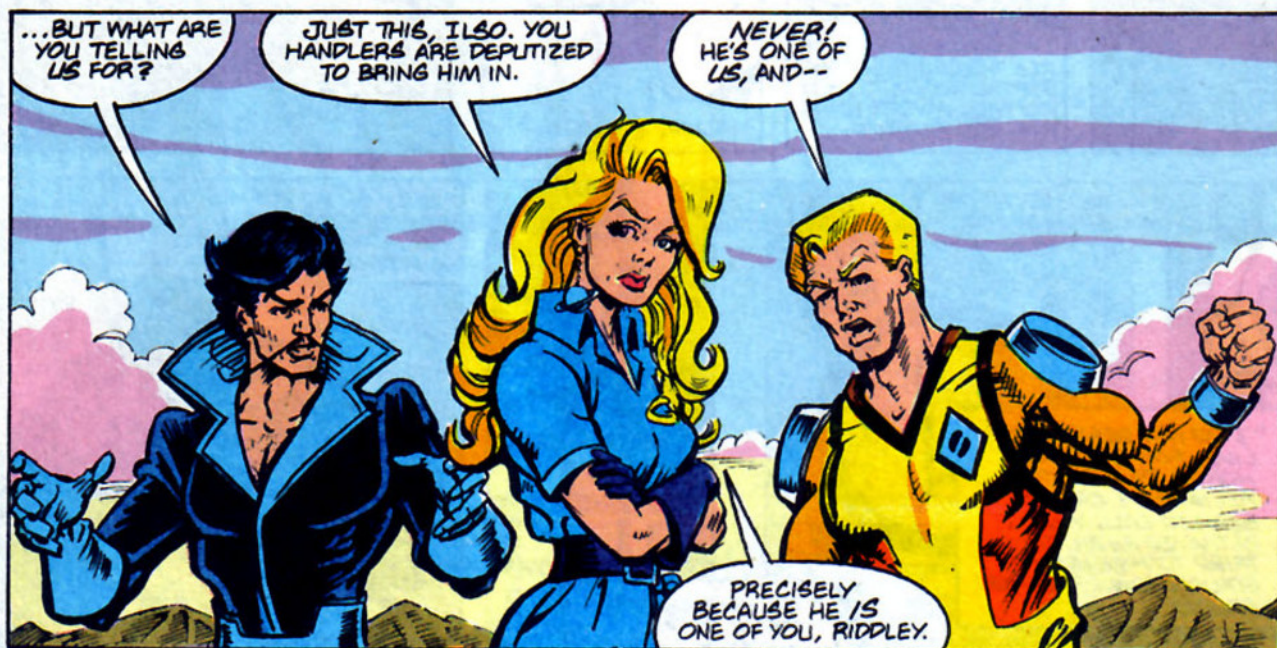
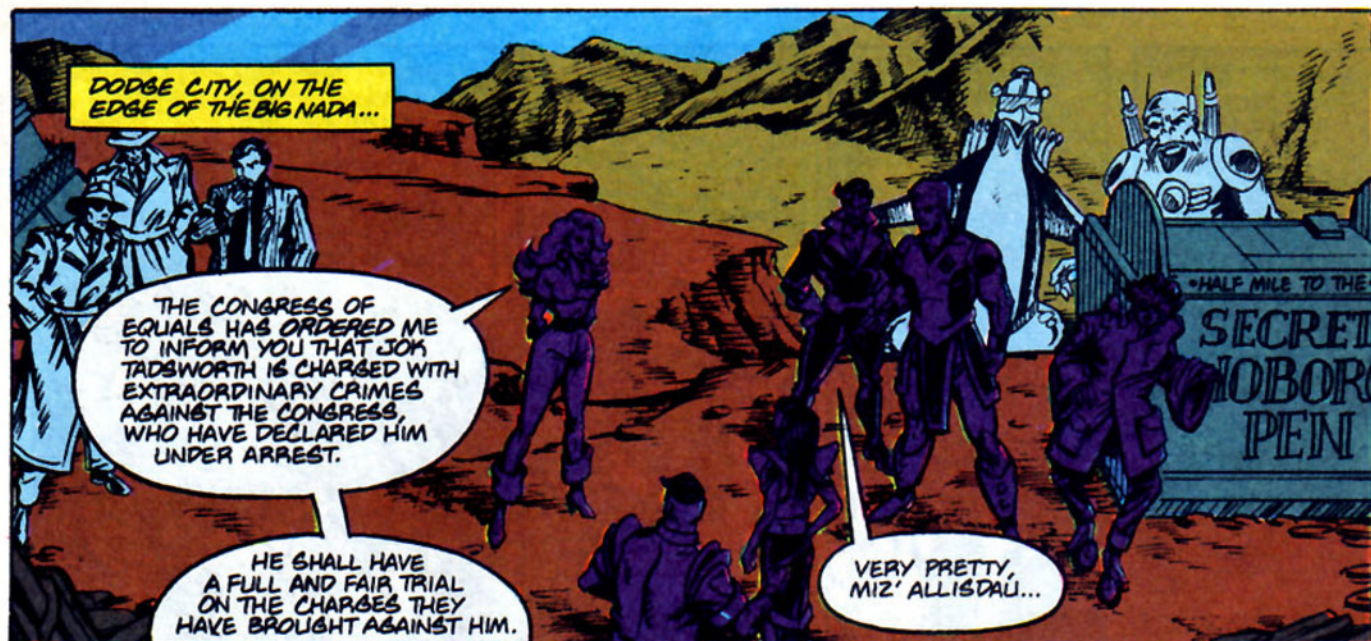
JOK
TADSWORTH™

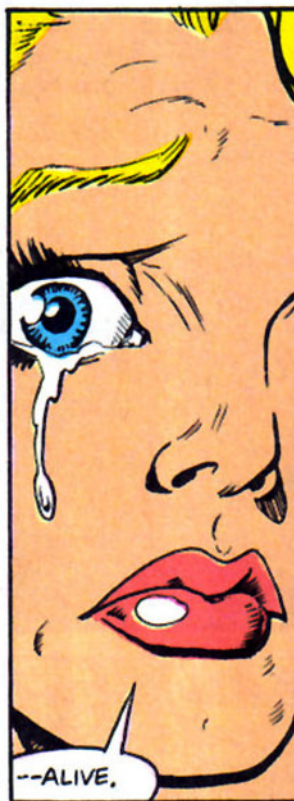
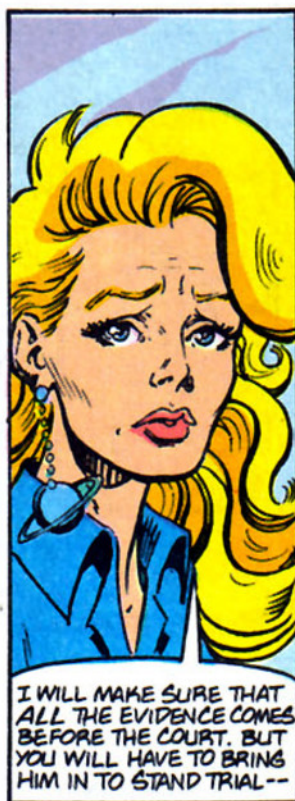
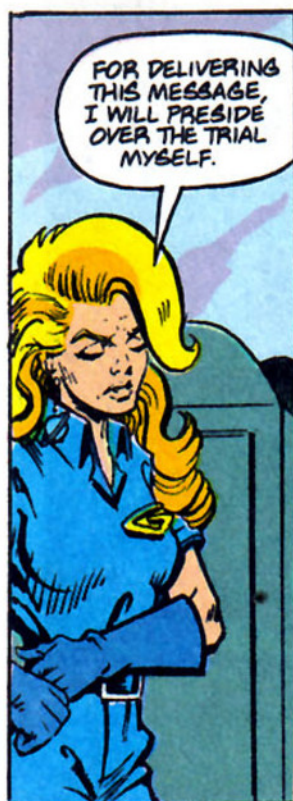
DEAD
OR ALIVE!

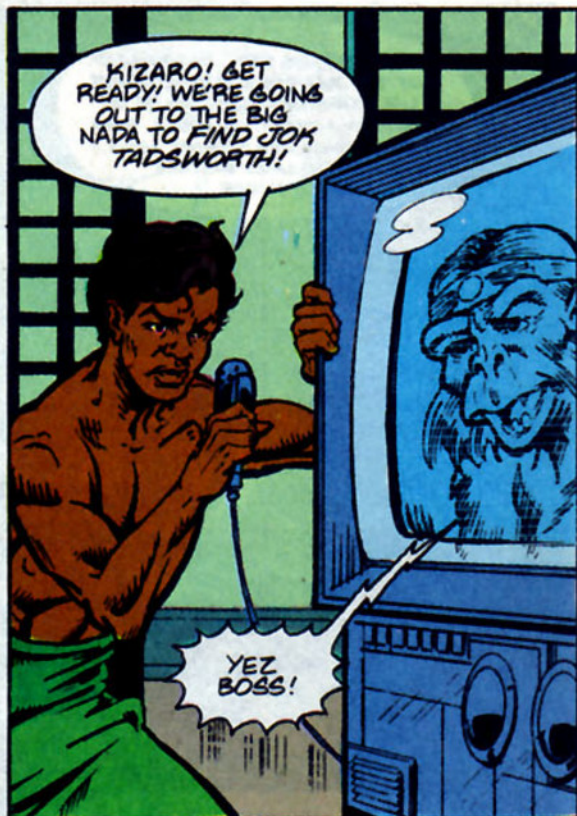
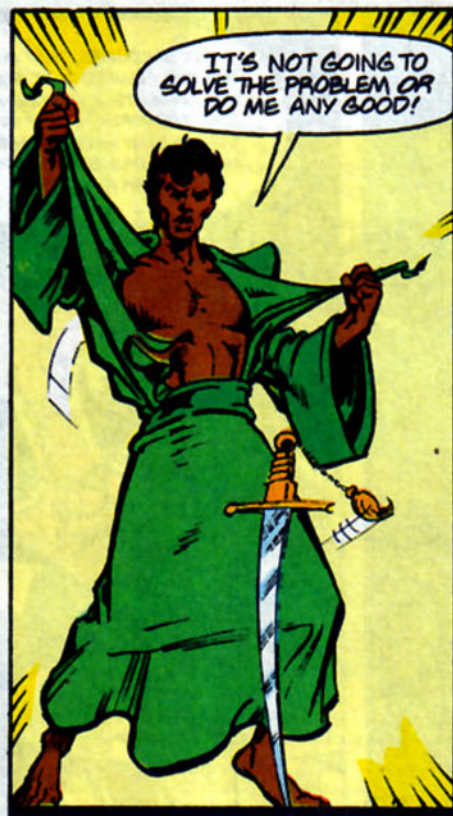


PURCELL





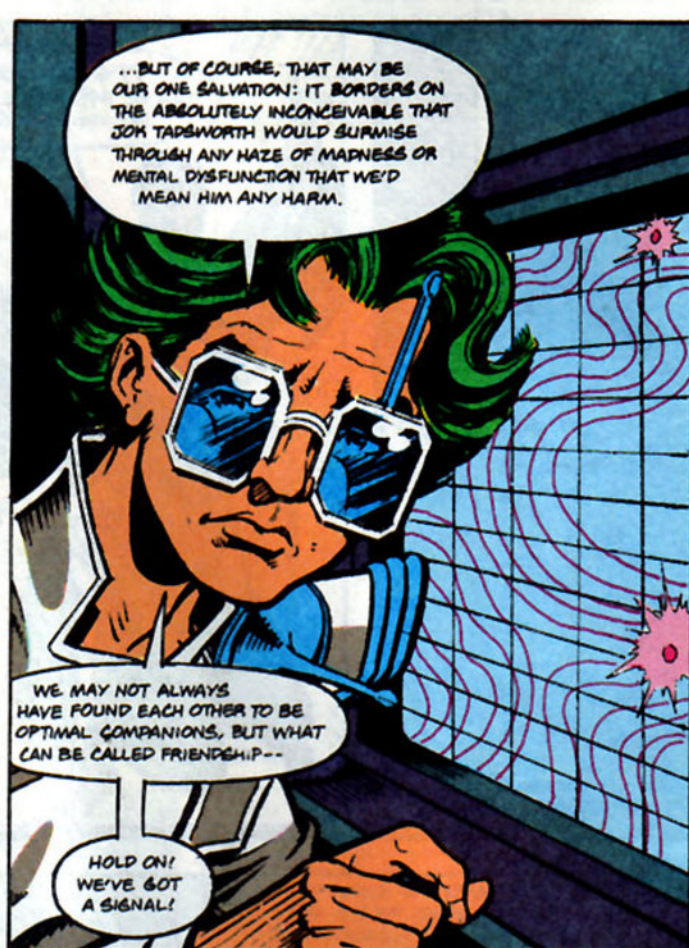






I SOMETIMES FEEL, DWEEMISH, THAT THE VAGARIES AND VICISSITUDES OF LIFE, COMING AS THEY TEND TO DO IN RAPIDLY ALTERNATING SERIES, SEEM TO BE EVIDENCE OF A SUPREME BEING WITH A PARTICULARLY BAROQUE SENSE OF HUMOR.

DESPITE MY SATISFACTORY RELATIONSHIP WITH YOU, I OFTEN MISS MY PREVIOUS JOB OF SORTING AND CATALOGUING SEMICOLONS IN GOLDEN AGE DOCUMENTS. I DON'T THINK I CAN RECALL HAVING ASKED ANYONE, EVEN RHETORICALLY, FOR MORE OUT OF LIFE THAN THAT...



...BUT OF COURSE, THAT MAY BE OUR ONE SALVATION: IT BORDERS ON THE ABSOLUTELY INCONCEIVABLE THAT JOK TADSWORTH WOULD SURMISE THROUGH ANY HAZE OF MADNESS OR MENTAL DYSFUNCTION THAT WE'D MEAN HIM ANY HARM.

WE MAY NOT ALWAYS HAVE FOUND EACH OTHER TO BE OPTIMAL COMPANIONS, BUT WHAT CAN BE CALLED FRIENDSHIP--

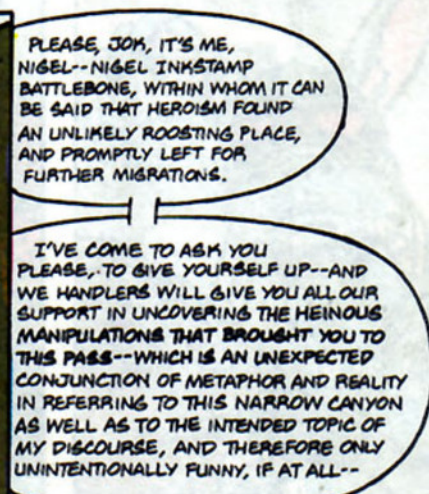
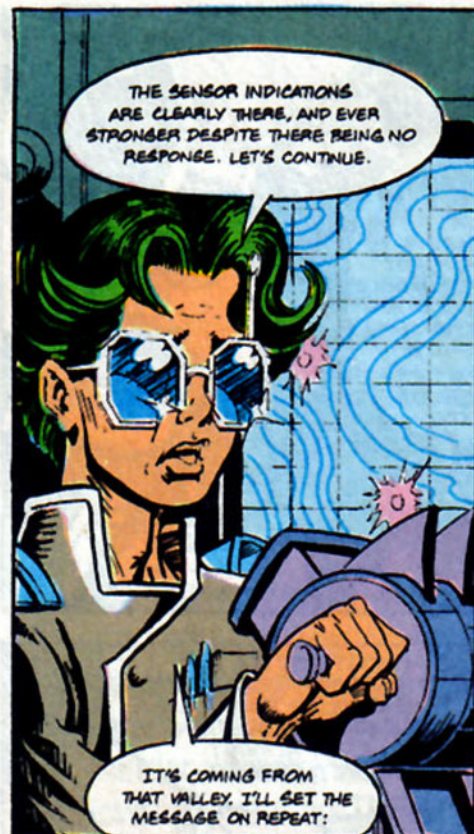
HOLD ON! WE'VE GOT A SIGNAL!

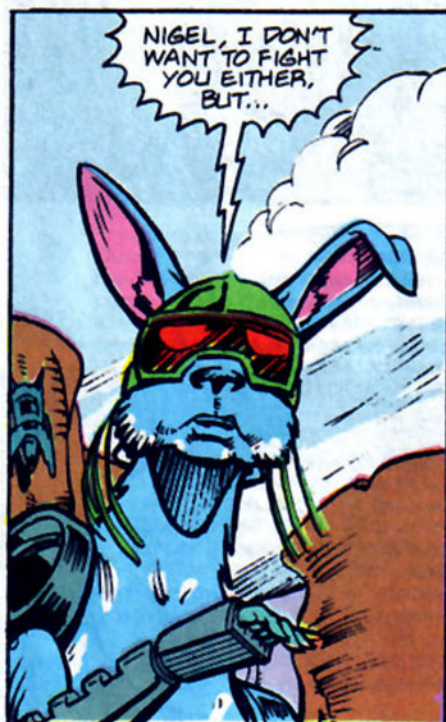
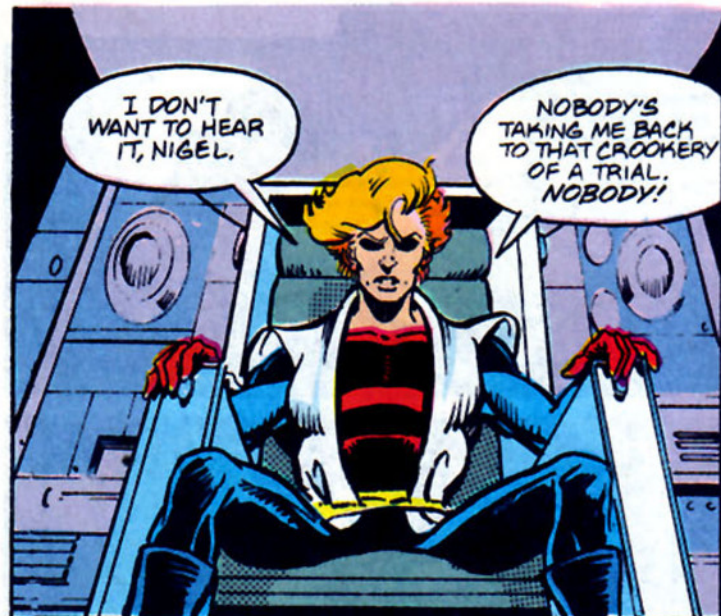


JOK! JOK TADSWORTH! THIS IS NIGEL INKSTAMP BATTLEBONE! DWEEMISH AND I WISH TO TALK PEACEABLY WITH YOU AND, THROUGH A SERIES OF PROPOSITIONS AND COUNTER-PROPOSITIONS DIALECTICALLY CONSIDERED, BRING YOU TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU SHOULD RETURN WITH US TO DODGE CITY TO SEE JUSTICE DONE--



...BY WHICH I DON'T MEAN A TIRESOME METAPHOR FOR THE TRIAL ITSELF, BUT RATHER A MORE COMPREHENSIVE PROCESS NOT LIMITED TO THE TRIAL, BUT CONTAINING IT... DO YOU HEAR ME?







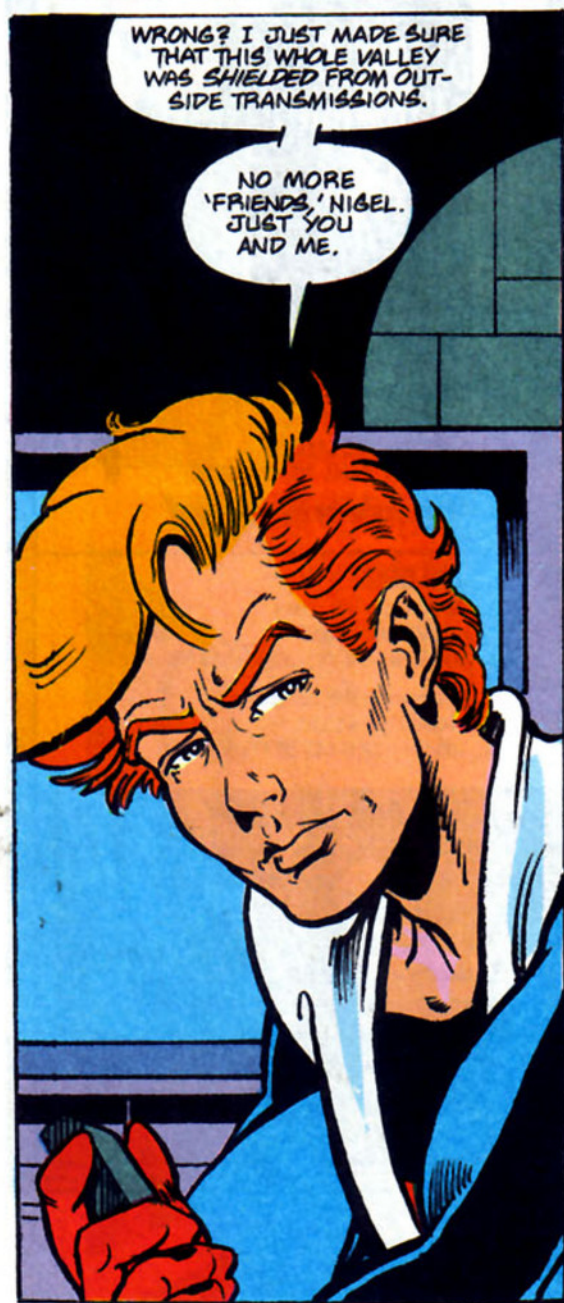
I GETTING
OUT
OF HERE!

ONLY SENSIBLE
THING TO DO!



HANDLERS!
RIDDLEY! JIMBO!
NANSE! ILGO!

WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE
IN CONSTANT RADIO
CONTACT! WHAT
WENT WRONG?



WRONG? I JUST MADE SURE
THAT THIS WHOLE VALLEY
WAS SHIELDED FROM OUT-
SIDE TRANSMISSIONS.

NO MORE
'FRIENDS,' NIGEL.
JUST YOU
AND ME.

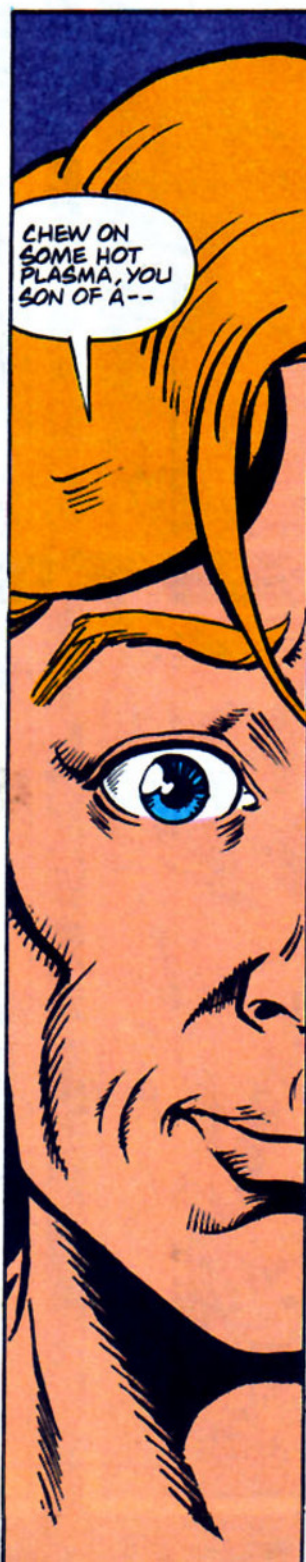
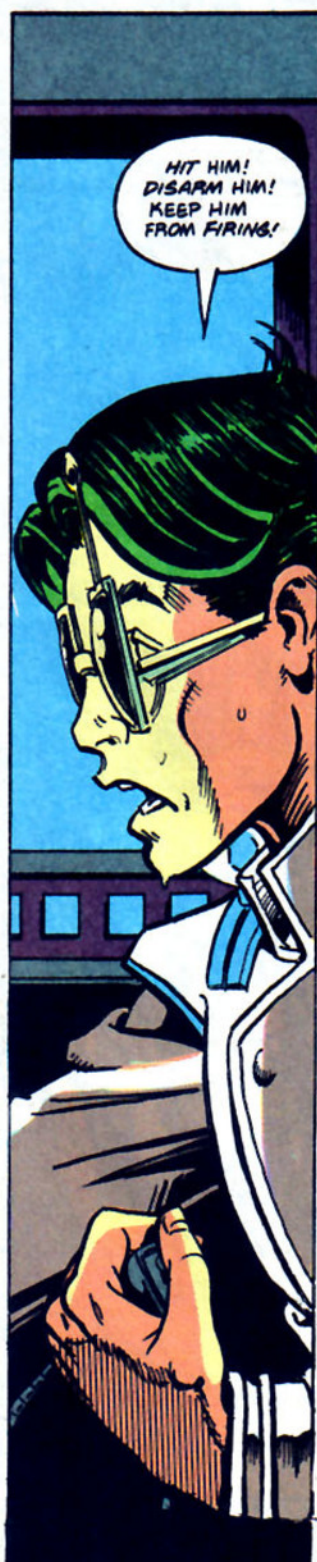
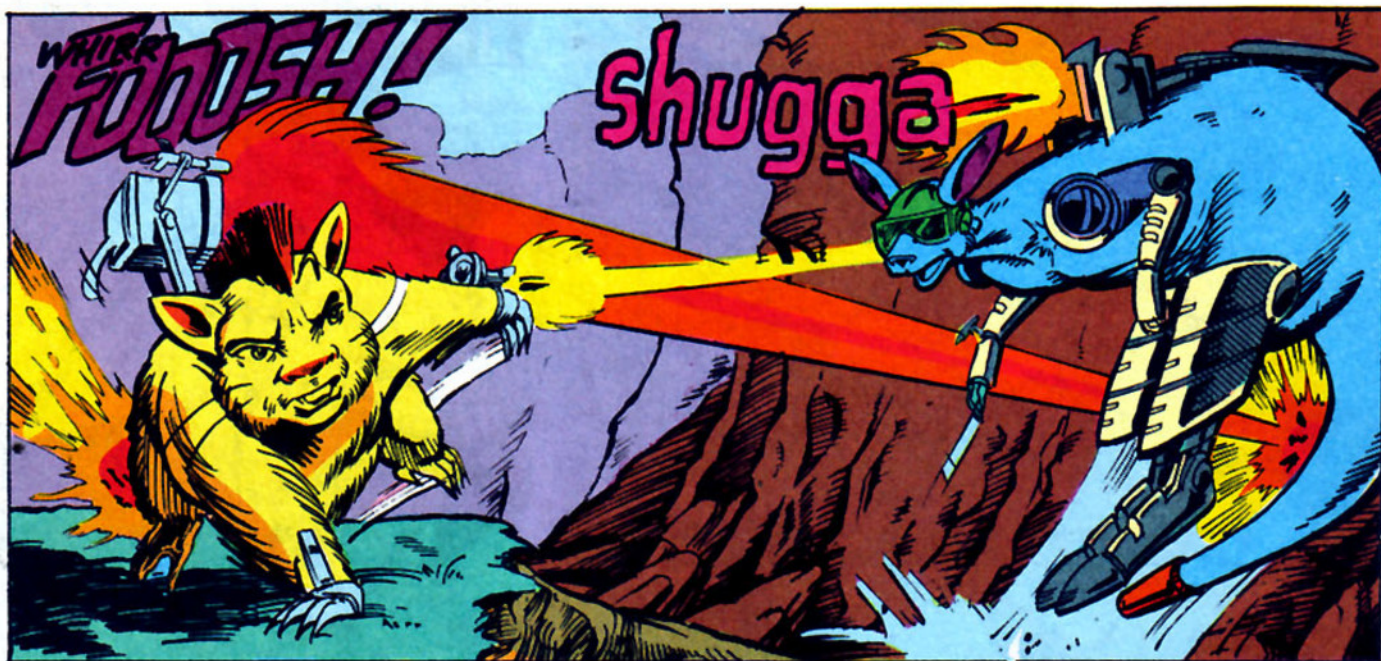


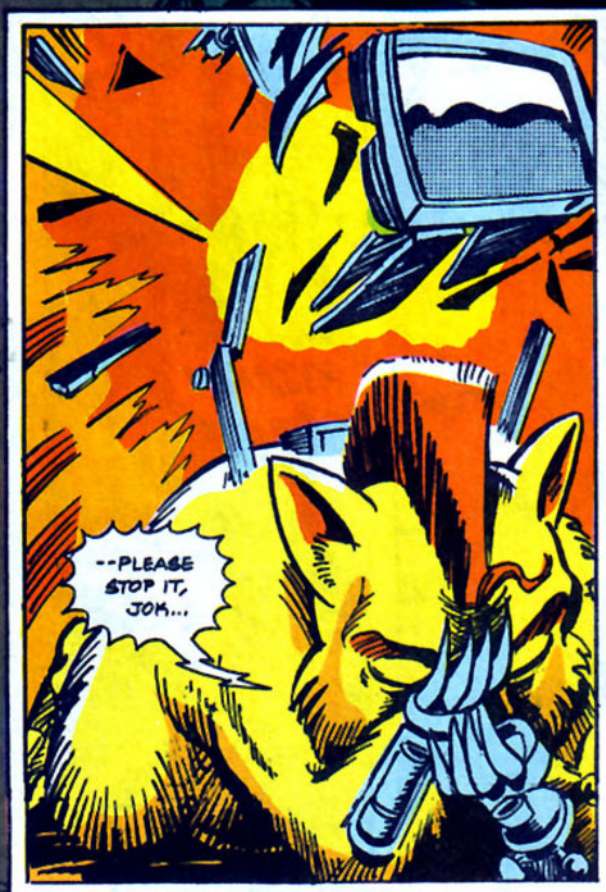
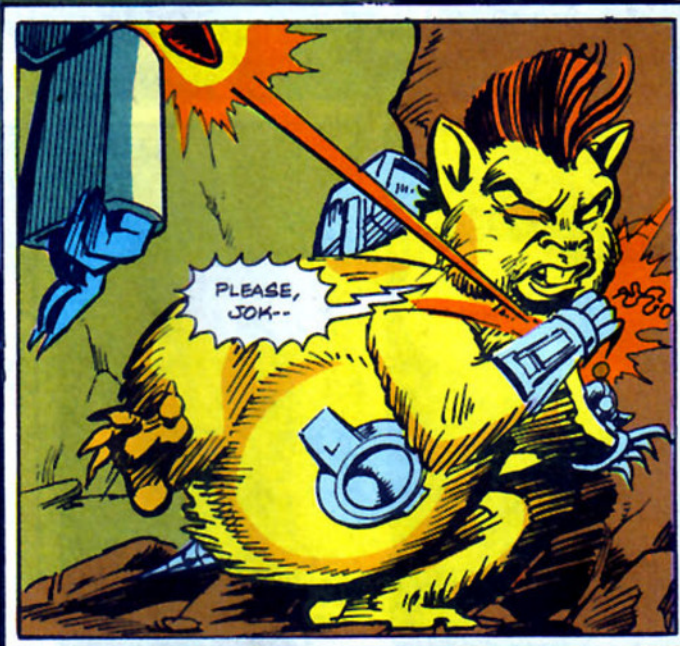
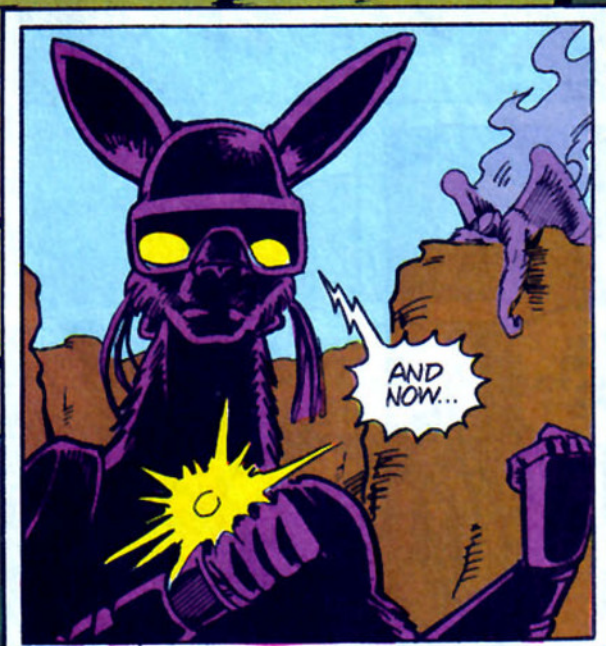
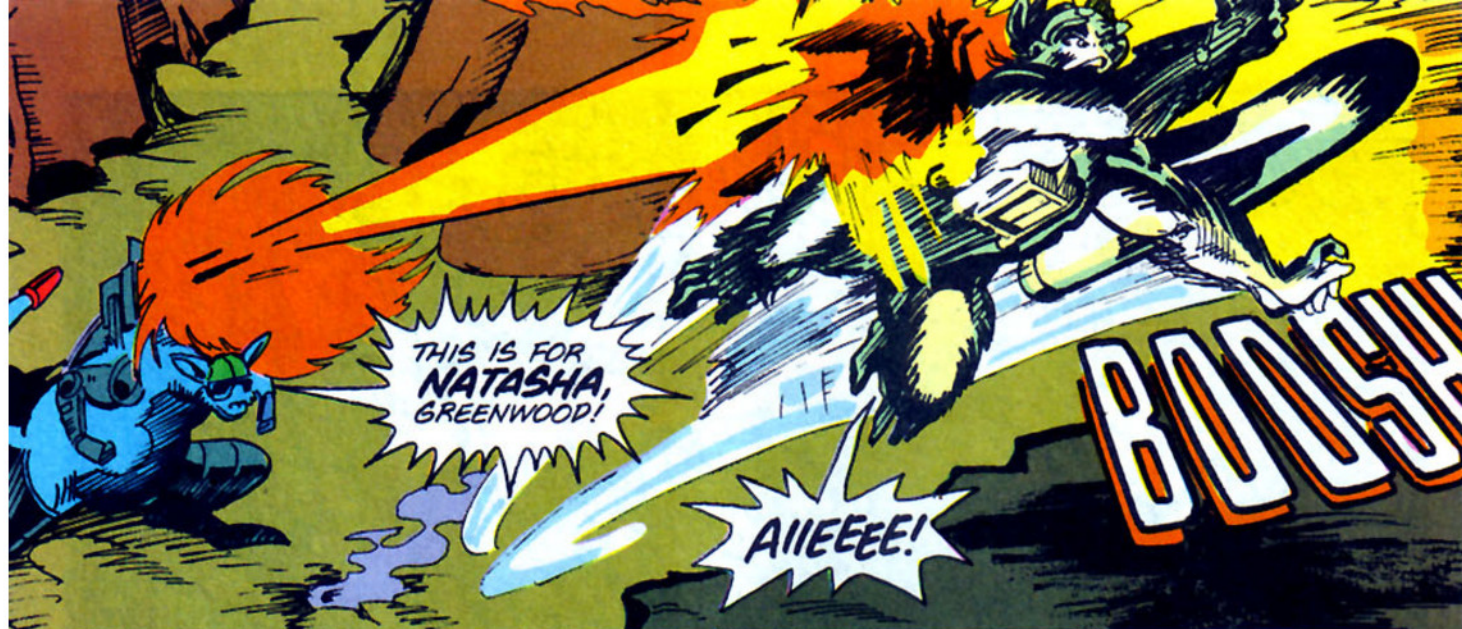
JOK,
THIS IS ALL
WRONG.

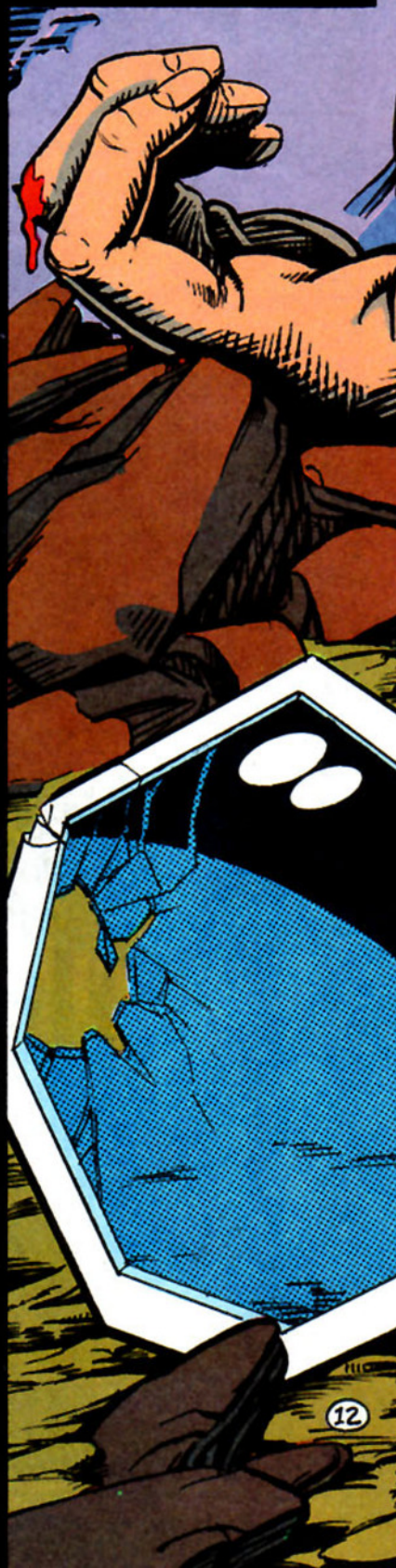
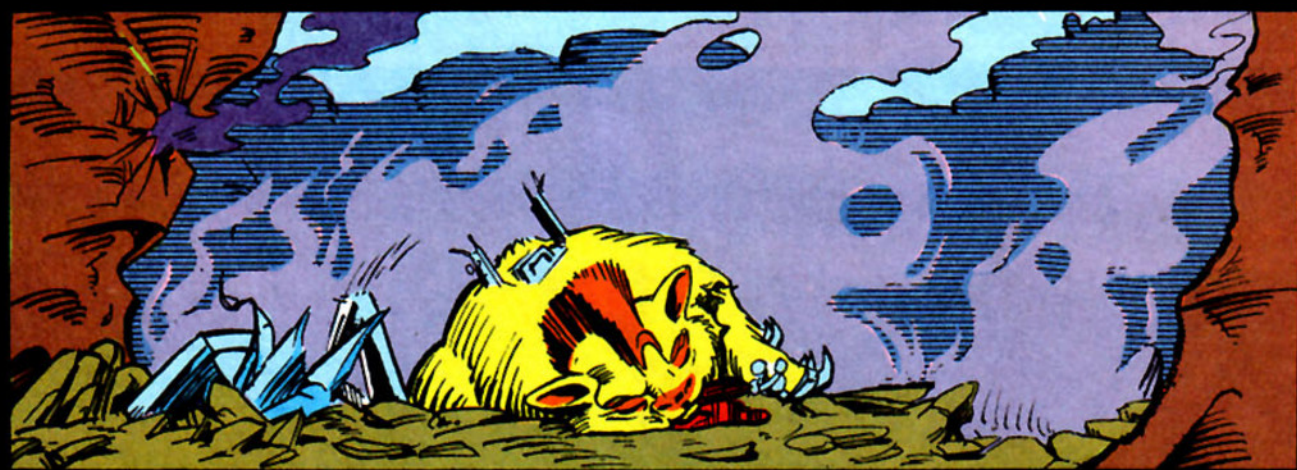
DWEEMISH,
PREPARE FOR
COMBAT.

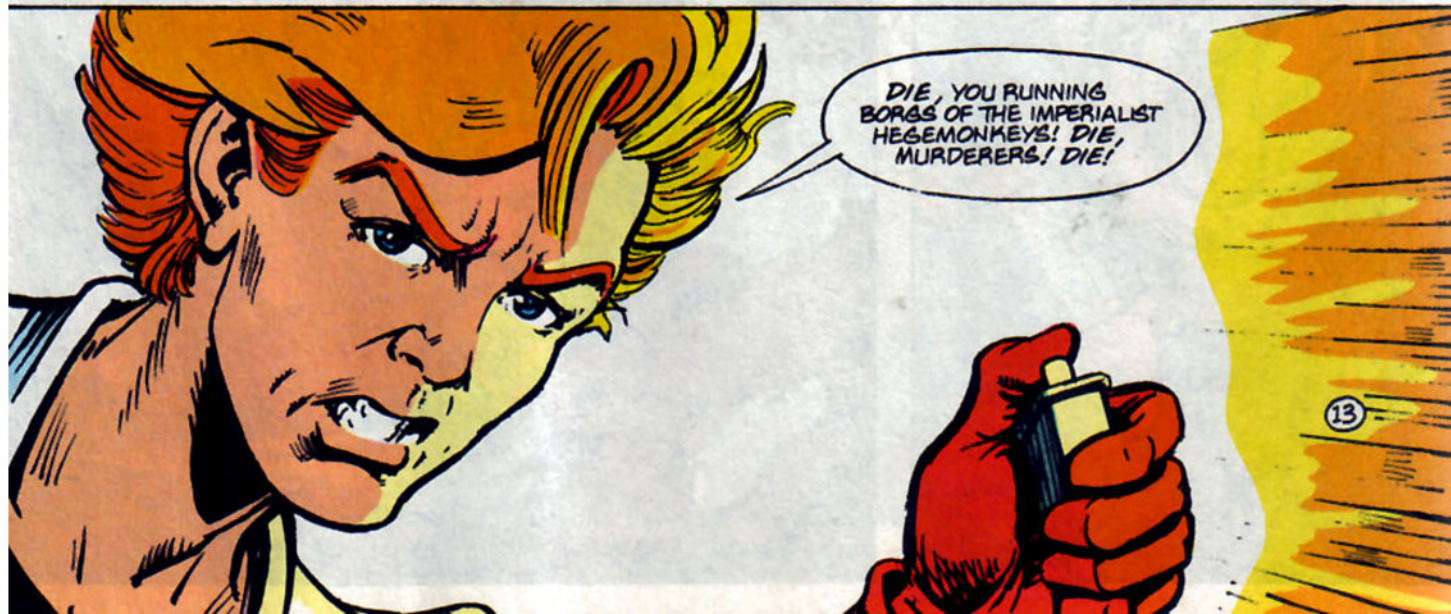
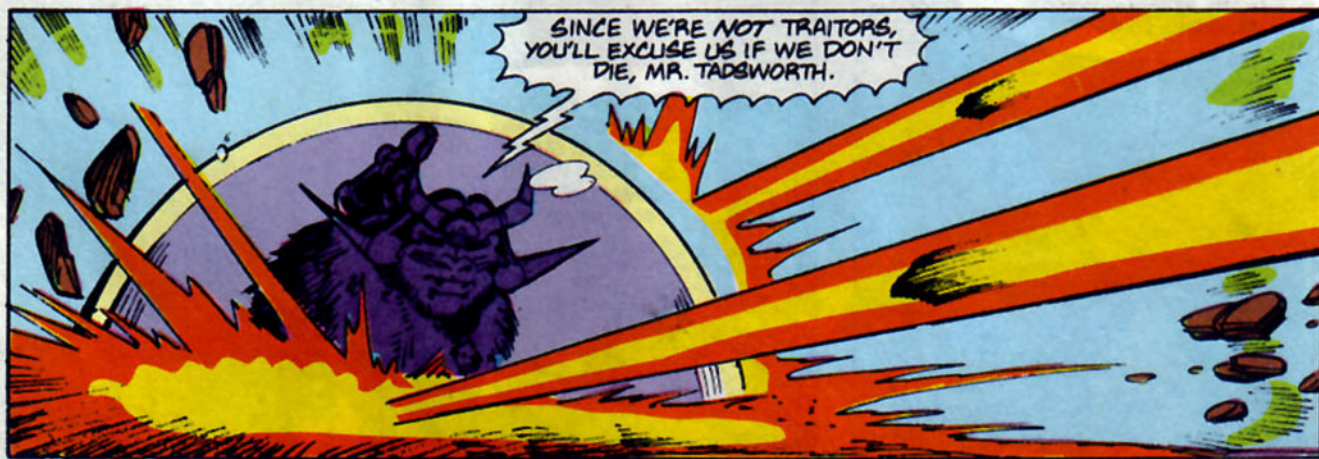
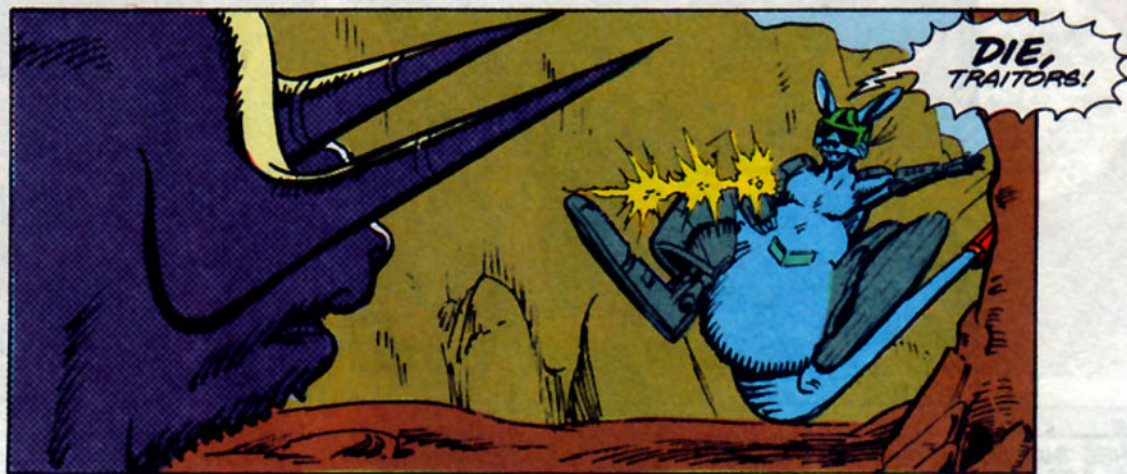
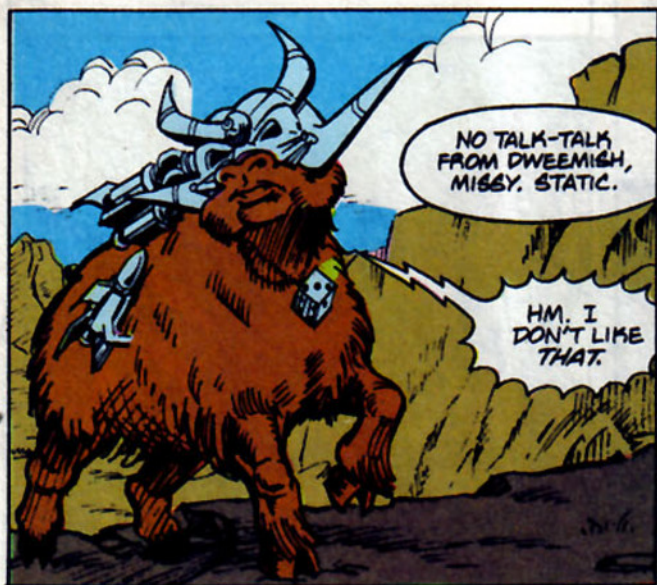


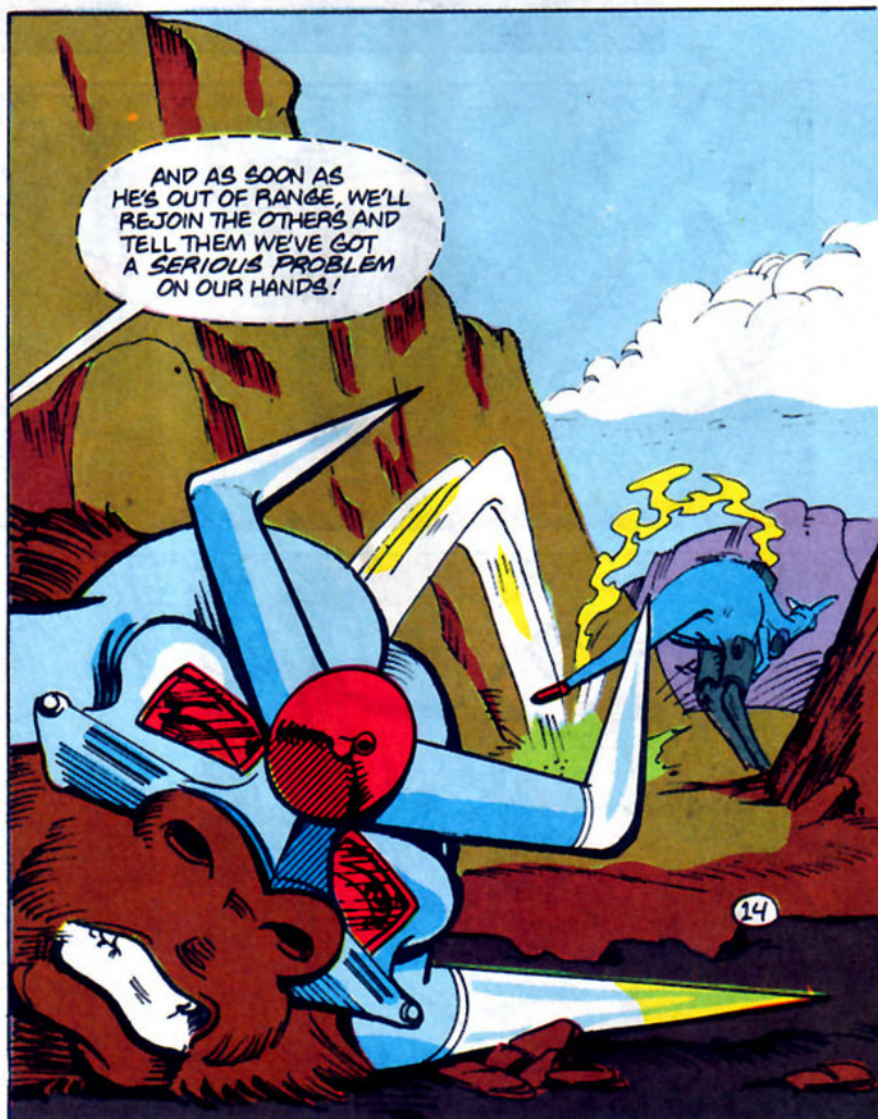
YEZ,
BOSS!

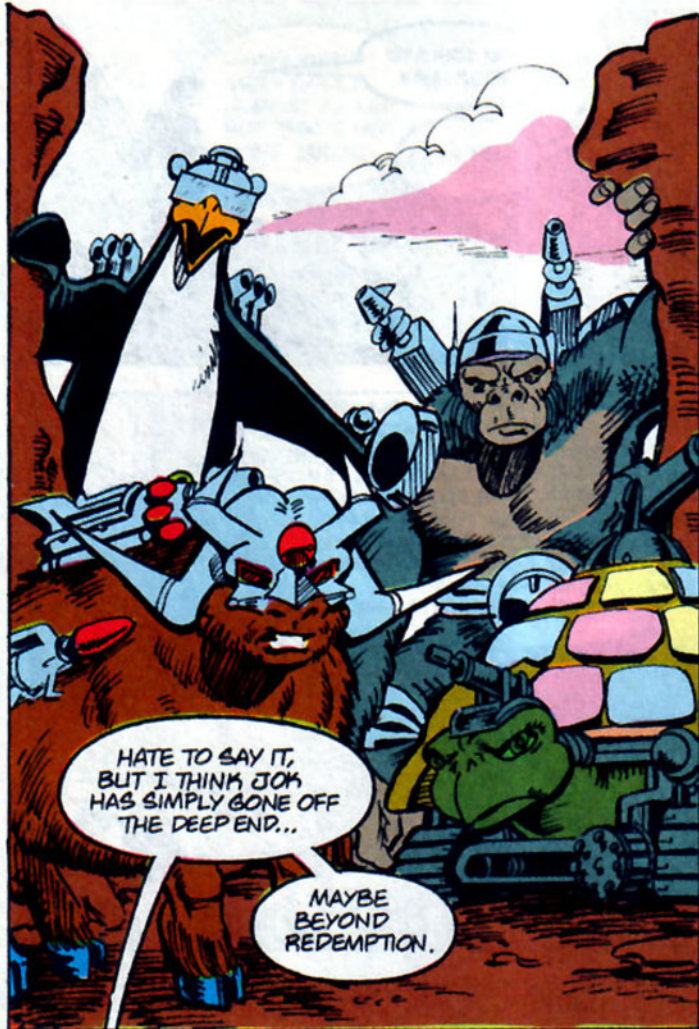












HATE TO SAY IT,
BUT I THINK JOK
HAS SIMPLY GONE OFF
THE DEEP END...

MAYBE
BEYOND
REDEMPTION.



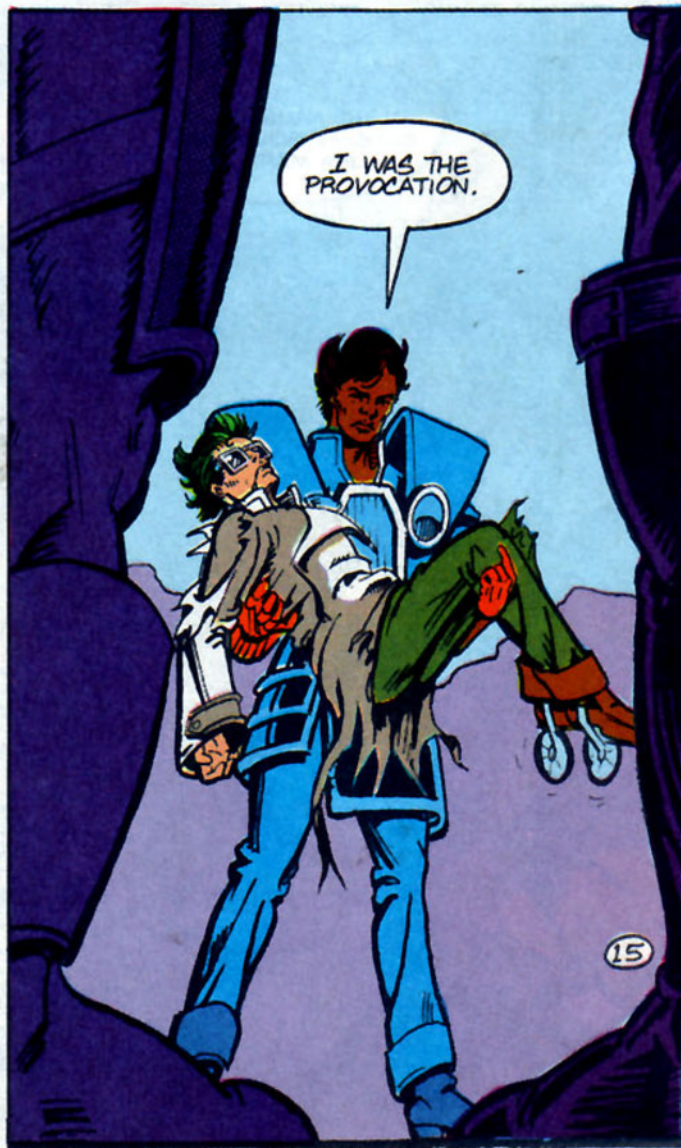
HE JUST
JUMPED OUT OF
HIDING, SCREAMED
SOMETHING ABOUT
'HEGEMONKEYS'
AND FIRED A
SEISMO-BOMB
AT ME!

I DON'T LIKE IT.
HE CAN'T HAVE HEARD
ABOUT OUR ORDERS TO
BRING HIM IN, NOT
EVEN FROM NIGEL. IT'S
JUST NOT LIKE JOK
TO ATTACK WITHOUT
PROVOCATION--!

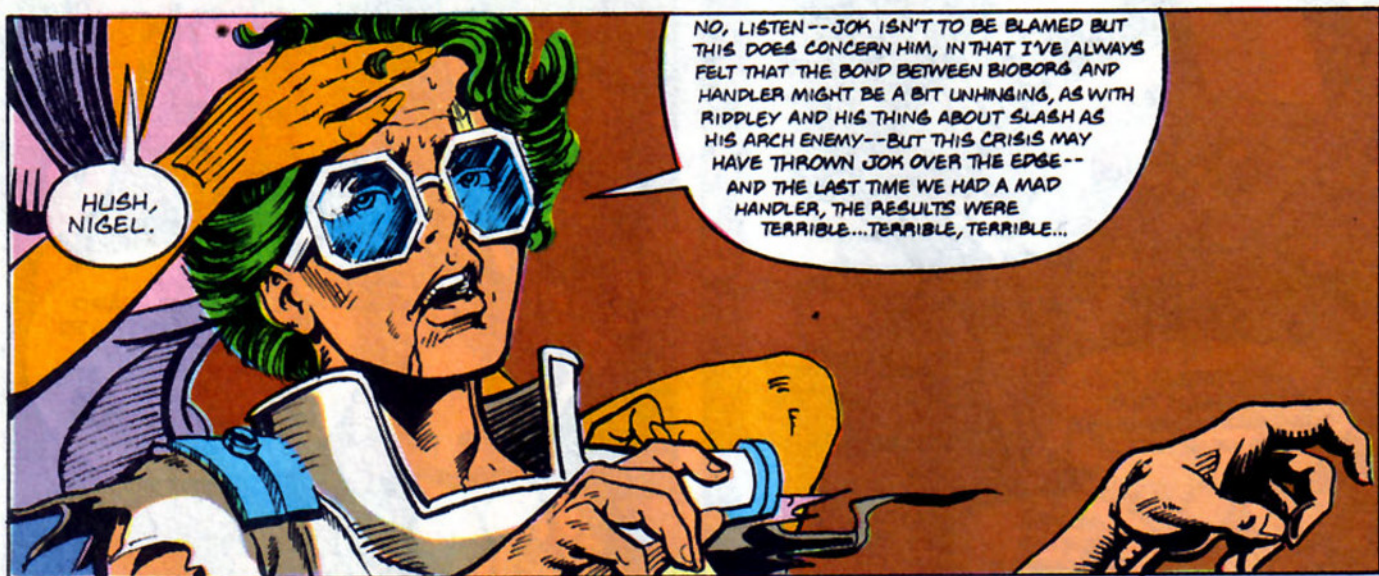
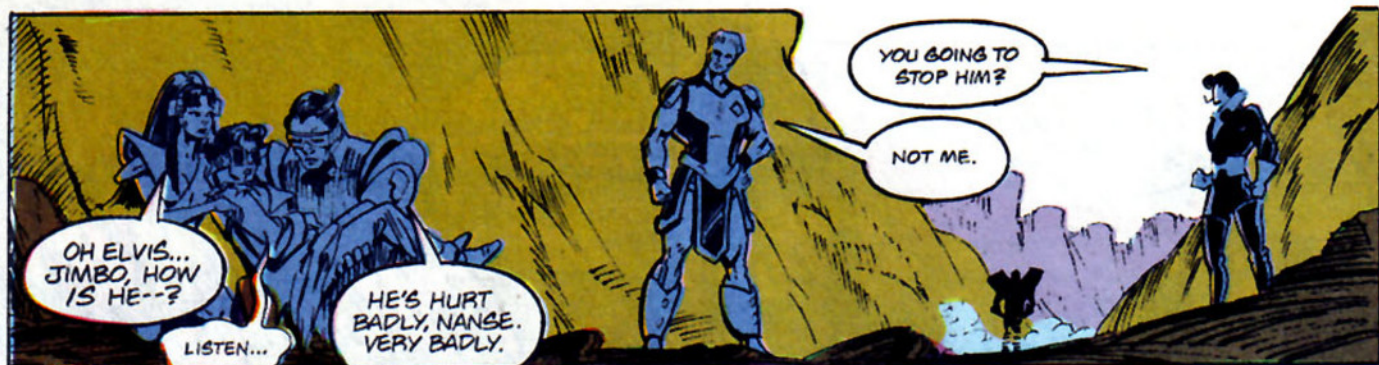


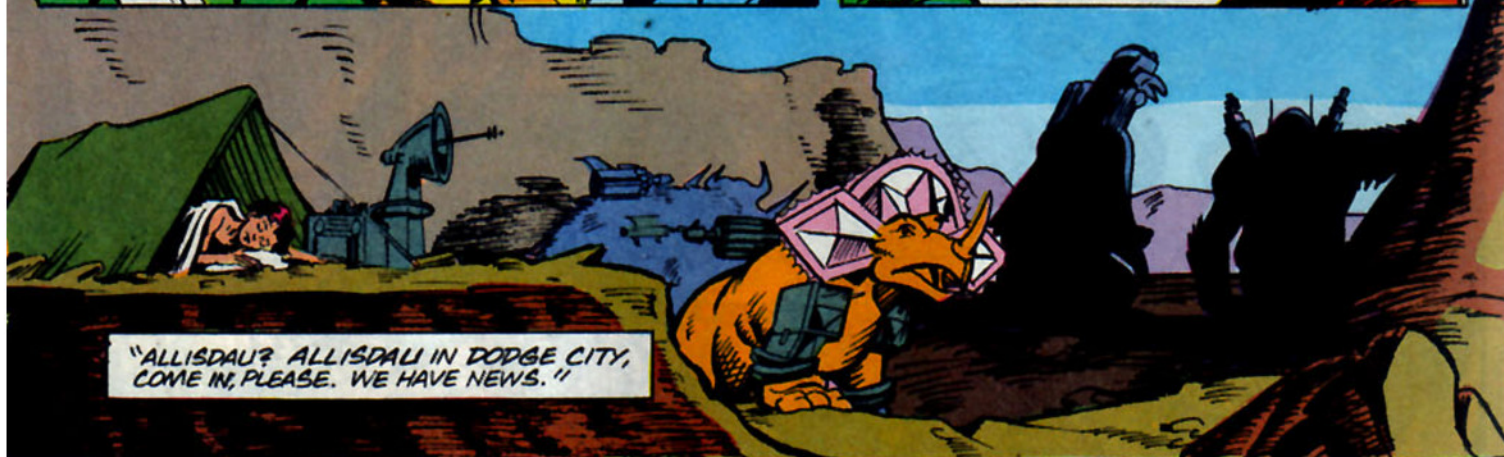
HE DIDN'T
ATTACK WITHOUT
PROVOCATION,
JIMBO.

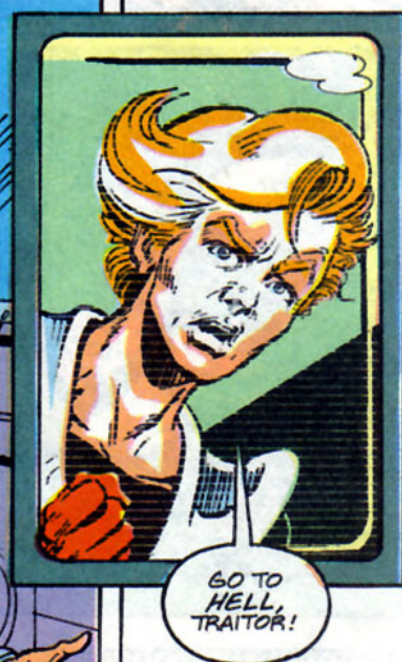
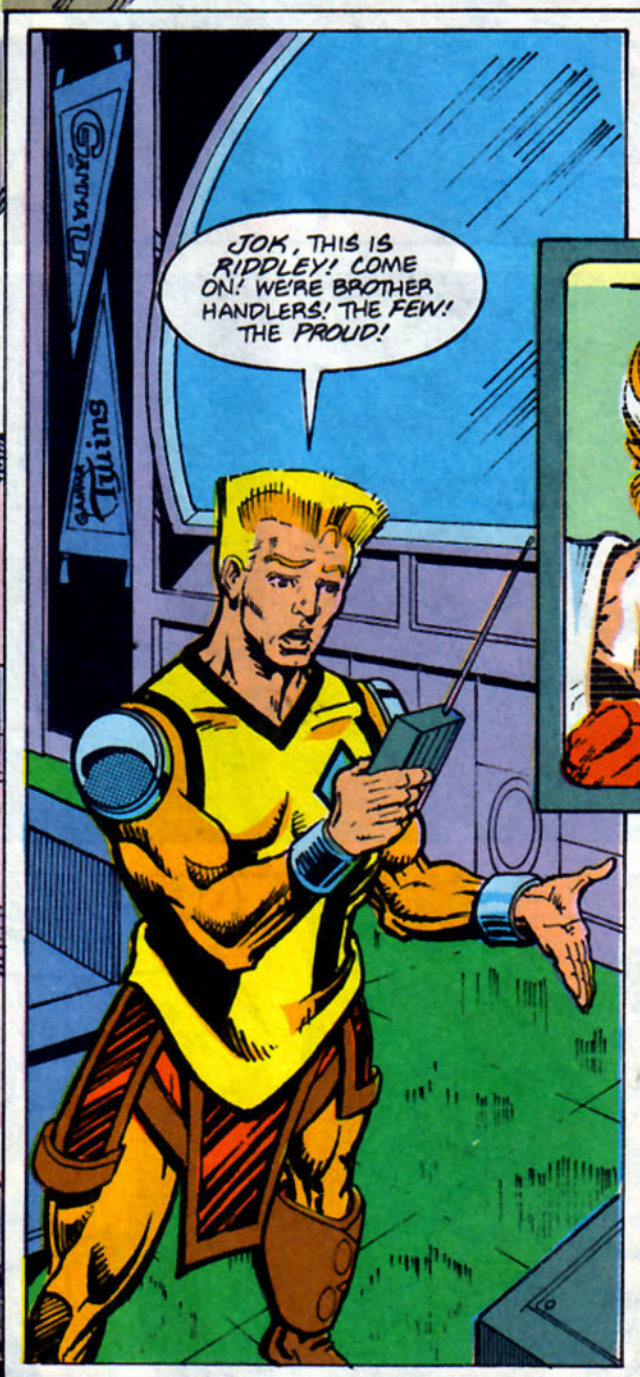
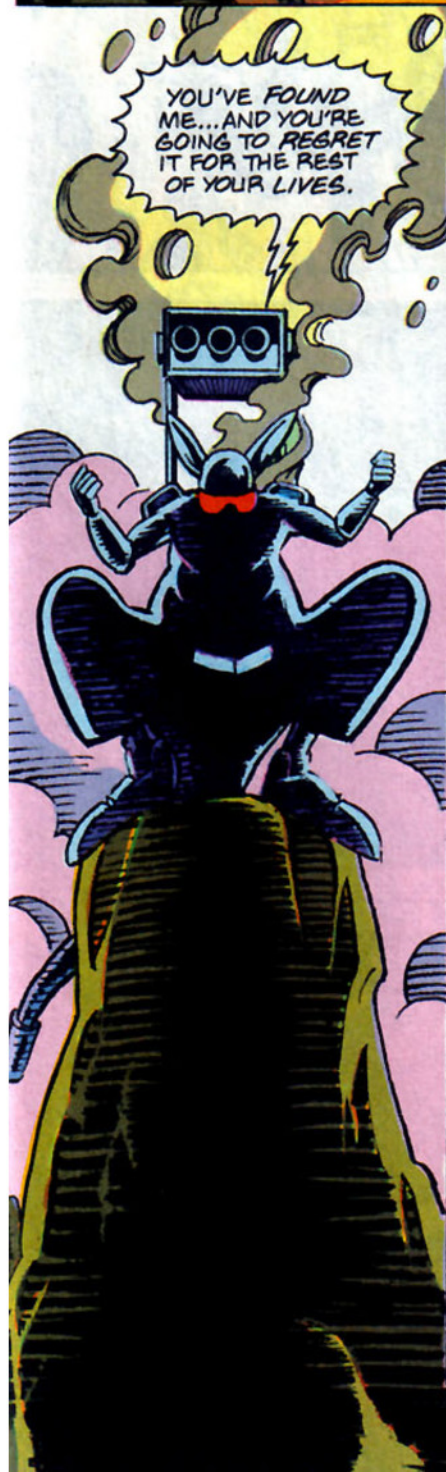
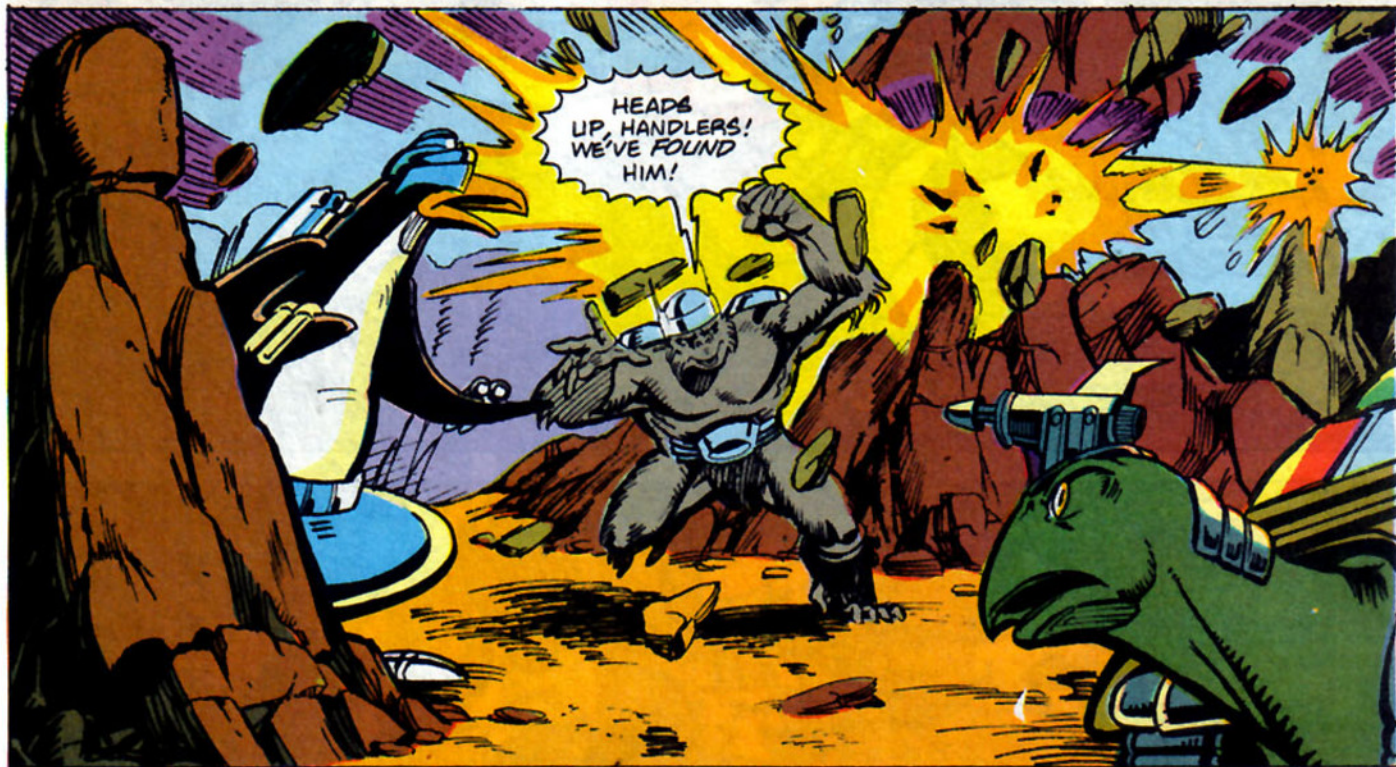
EH?

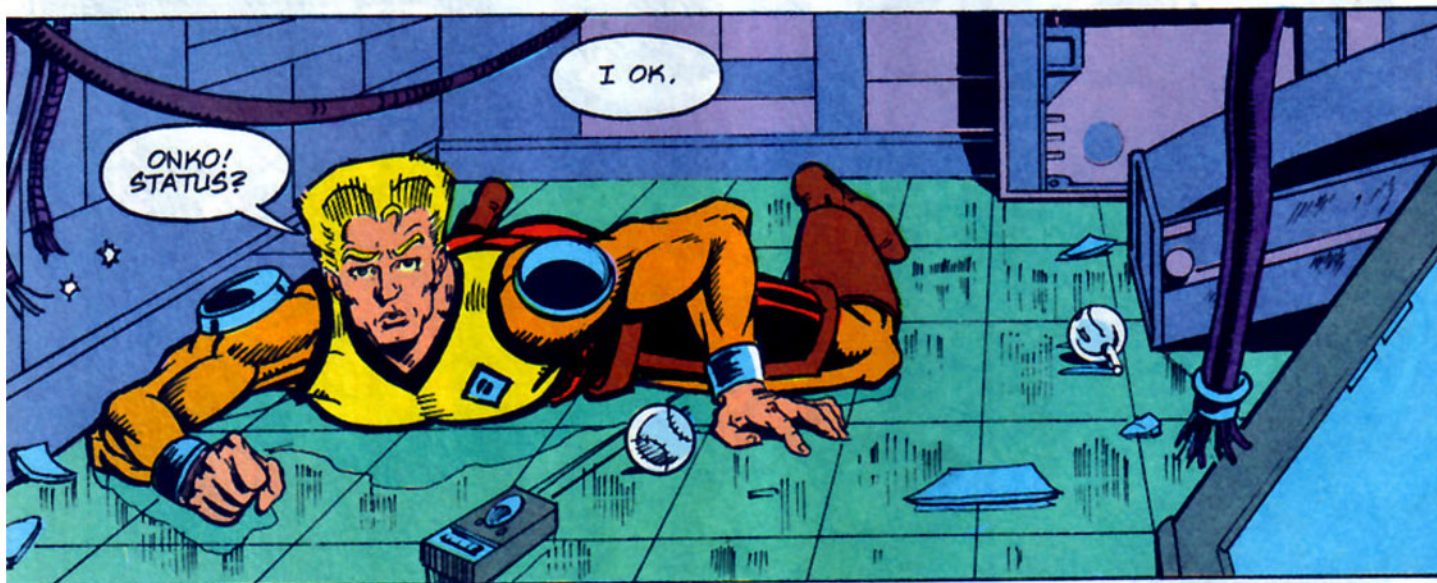
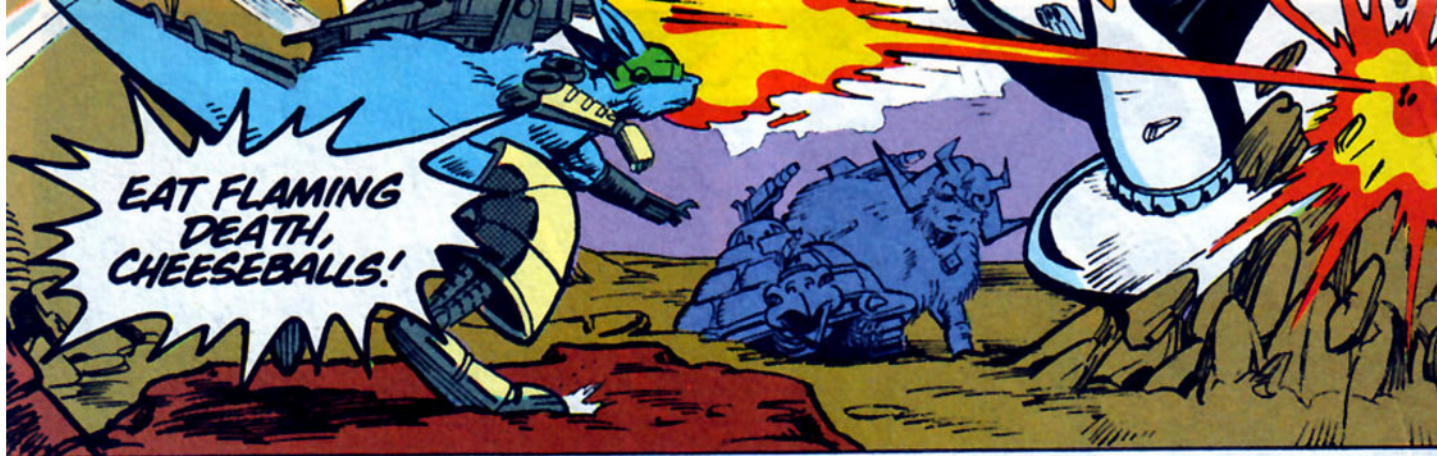


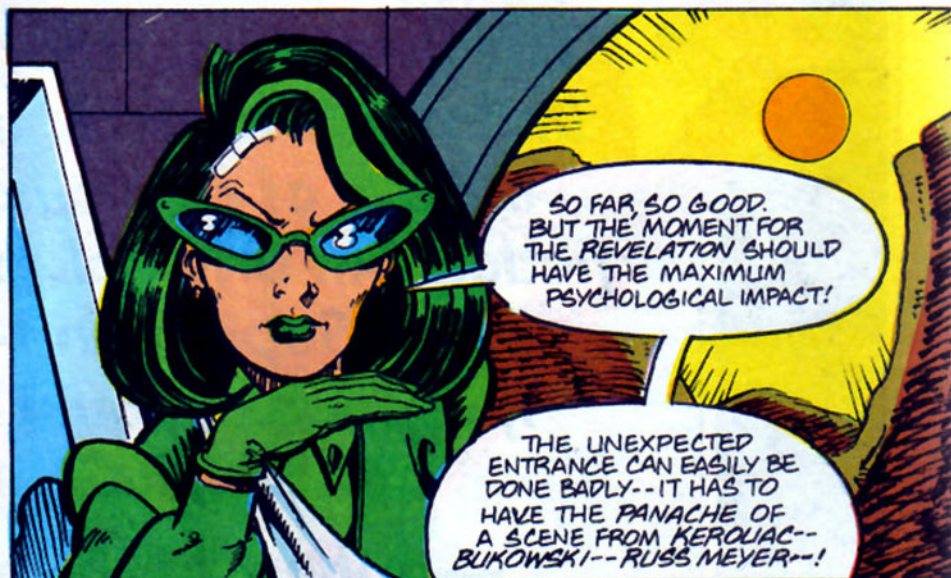
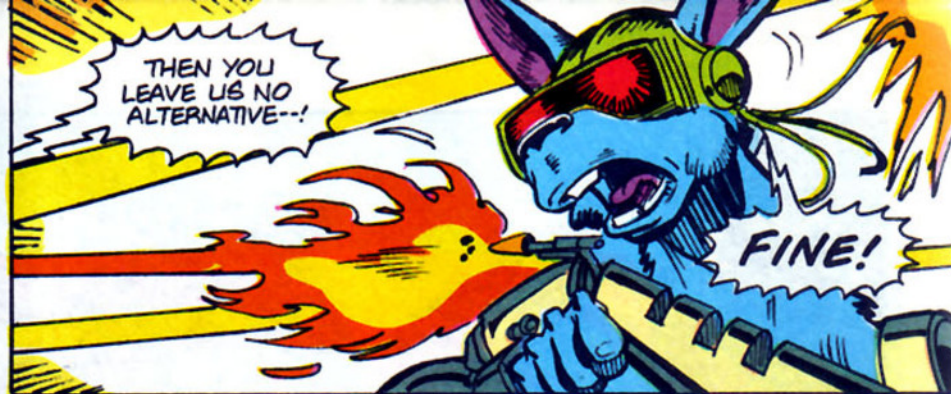
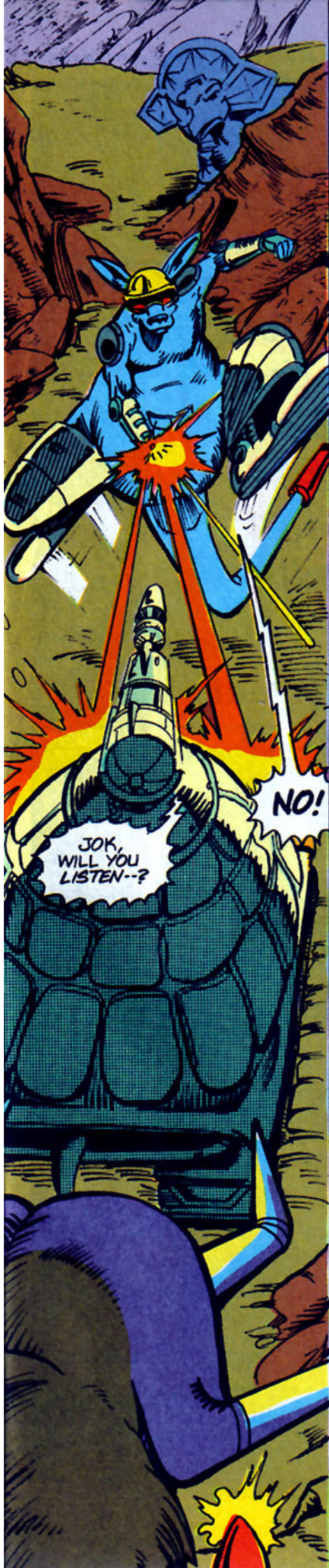
I WAS THE
PROVOCATION.

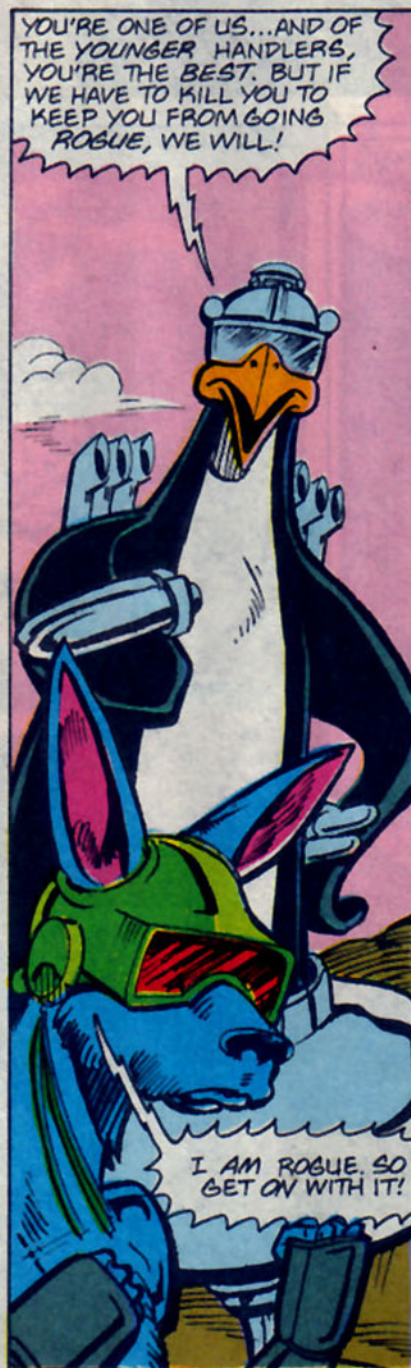
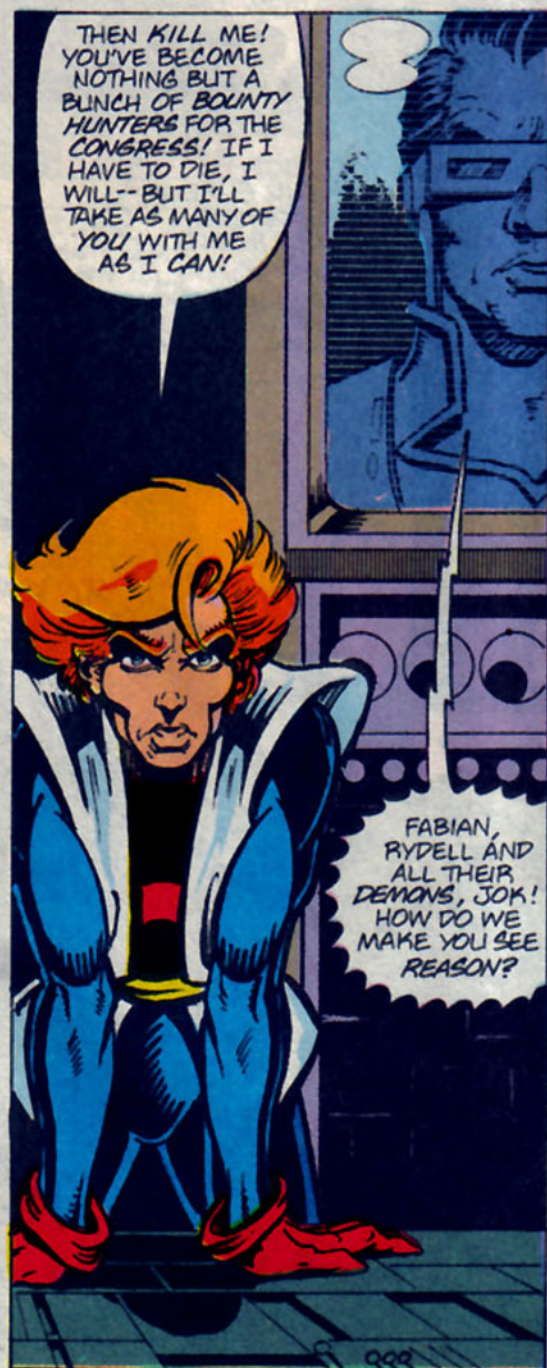
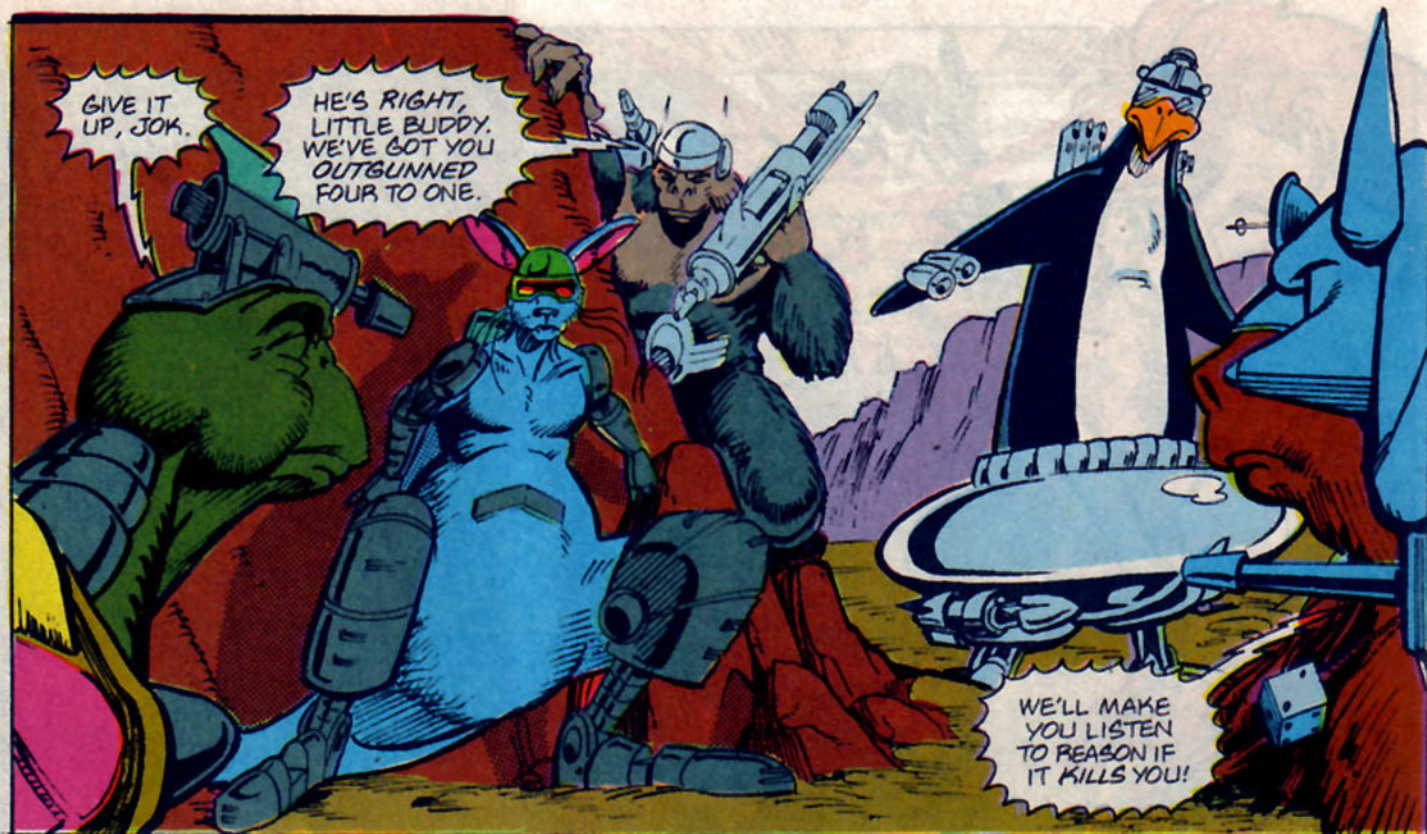


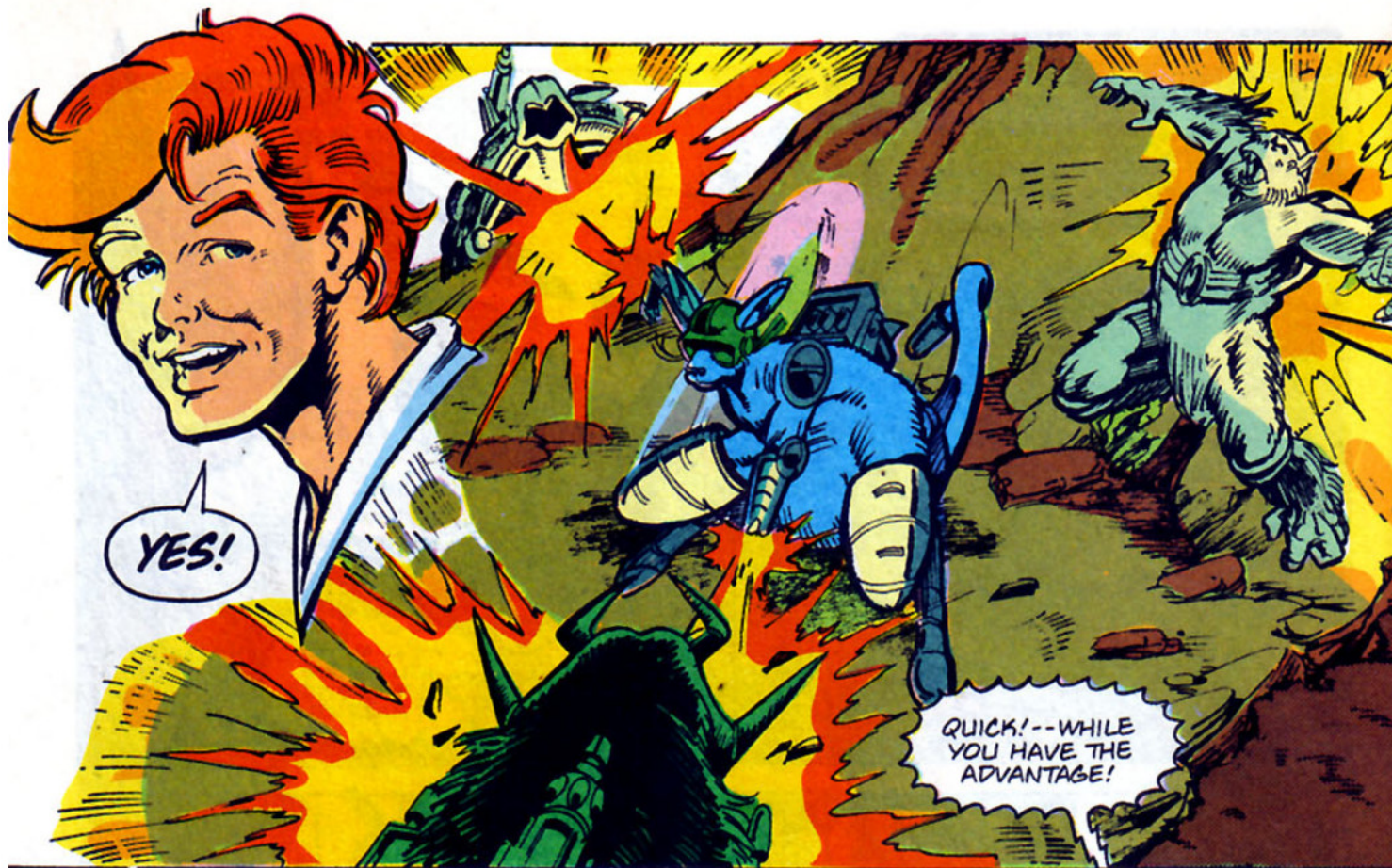












YES!

QUICK! -- WHILE
YOU HAVE THE
ADVANTAGE!



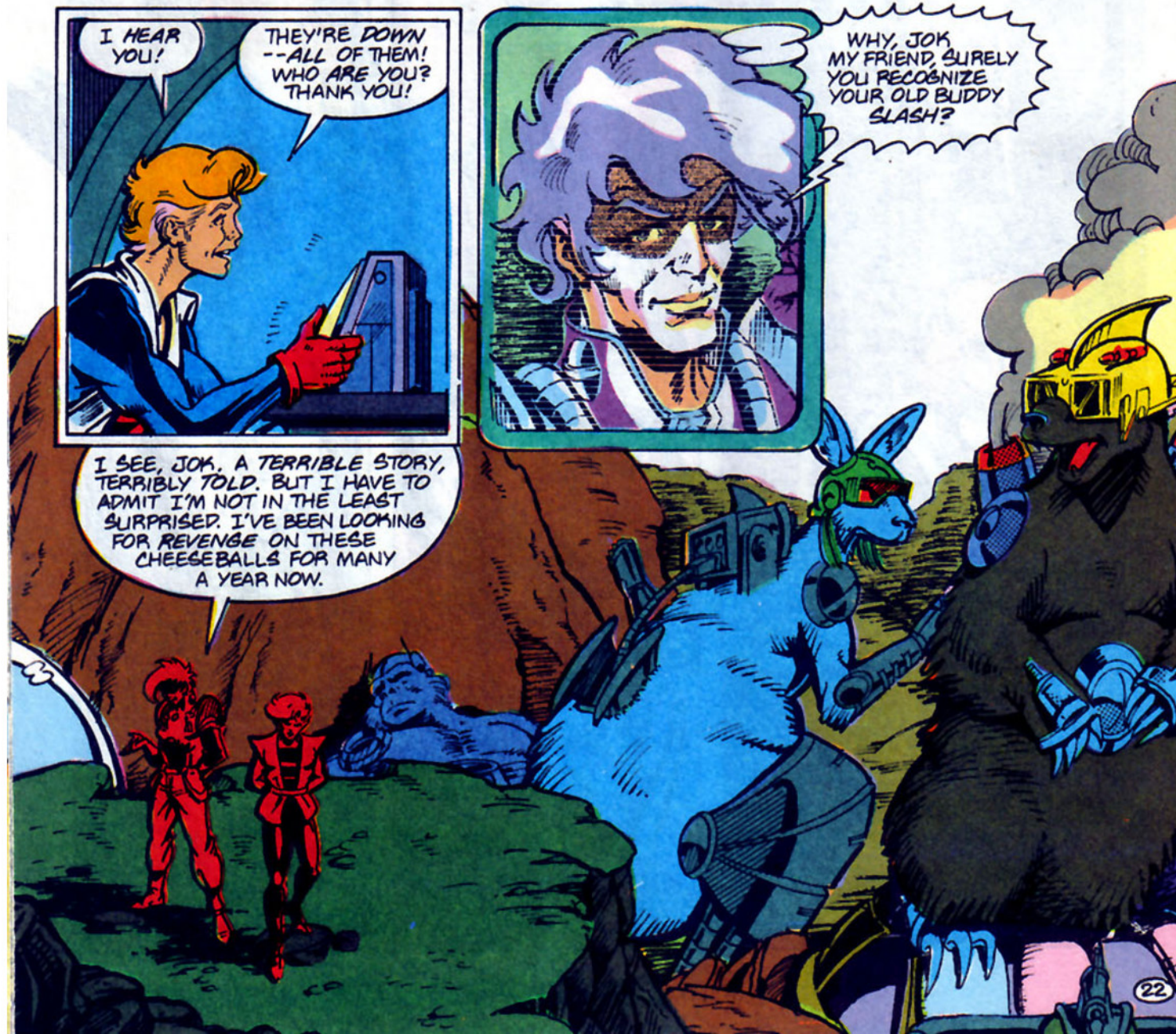
I HEAR
YOU!

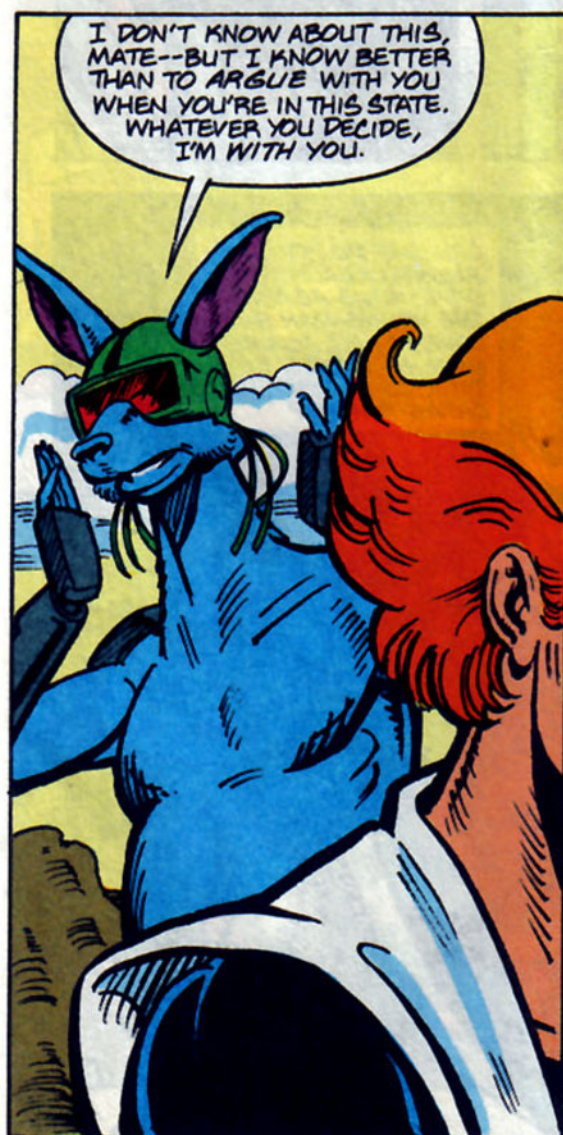
THEY'RE DOWN
--ALL OF THEM!
WHO ARE YOU?
THANK YOU!

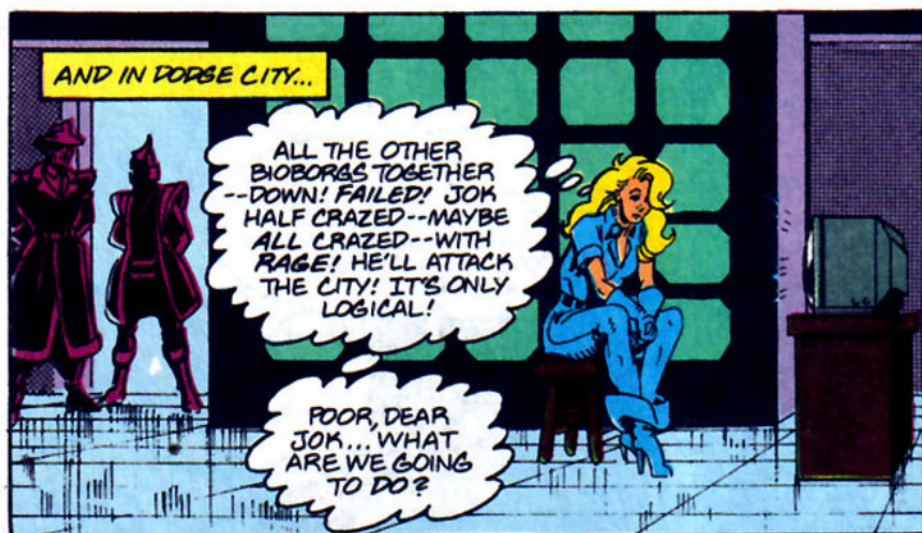


WHY, JOK,
MY FRIEND, SURELY
YOU RECOGNIZE
YOUR OLD BUDDY
SLASH?

I SEE, JOK. A TERRIBLE STORY,
TERRIBLY TOLD. BUT I HAVE TO
ADMIT I'M NOT IN THE LEAST
SURPRISED. I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR REVENGE ON THESE
CHEESEBALLS FOR MANY
A YEAR NOW.

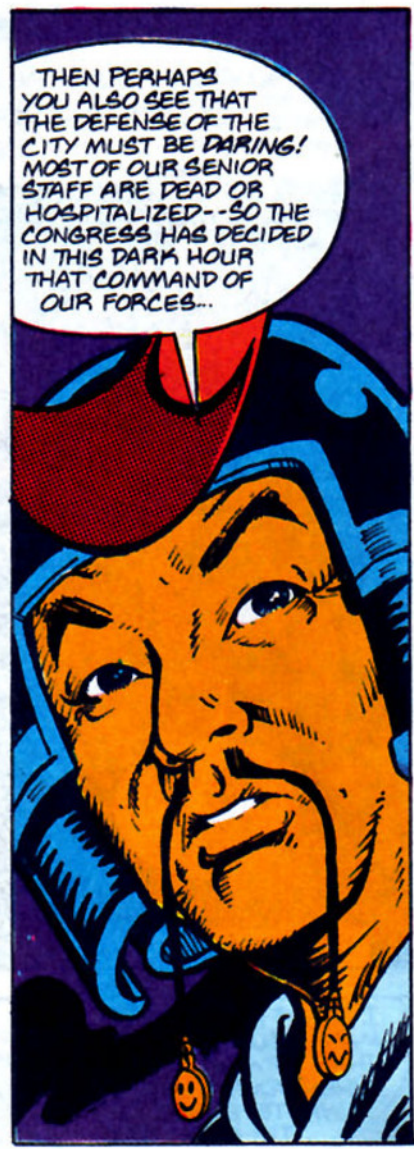




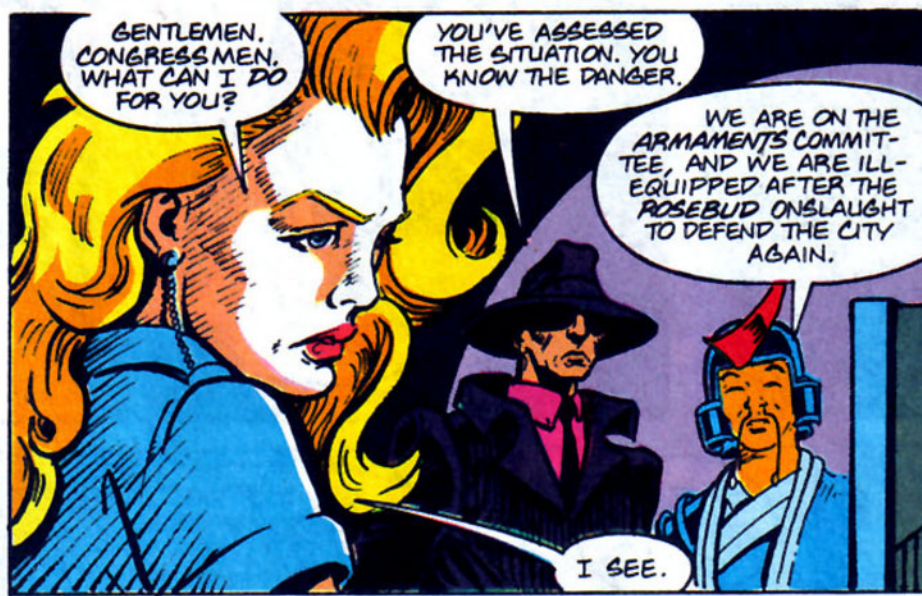


ALL THE OTHER BIOBORGS TOGETHER --DOWN! FAILED! JOK HALF CRAZED--MAYBE ALL CRAZED--WITH RAGE! HE'LL ATTACK THE CITY! IT'S ONLY LOGICAL!

POOR, DEAR JOK... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



THEN PERHAPS YOU ALSO SEE THAT THE DEFENSE OF THE CITY MUST BE DARING! MOST OF OUR SENIOR STAFF ARE DEAD OR HOSPITALIZED--SO THE CONGRESS HAS DECIDED IN THIS DARK HOUR THAT COMMAND OF OUR FORCES...

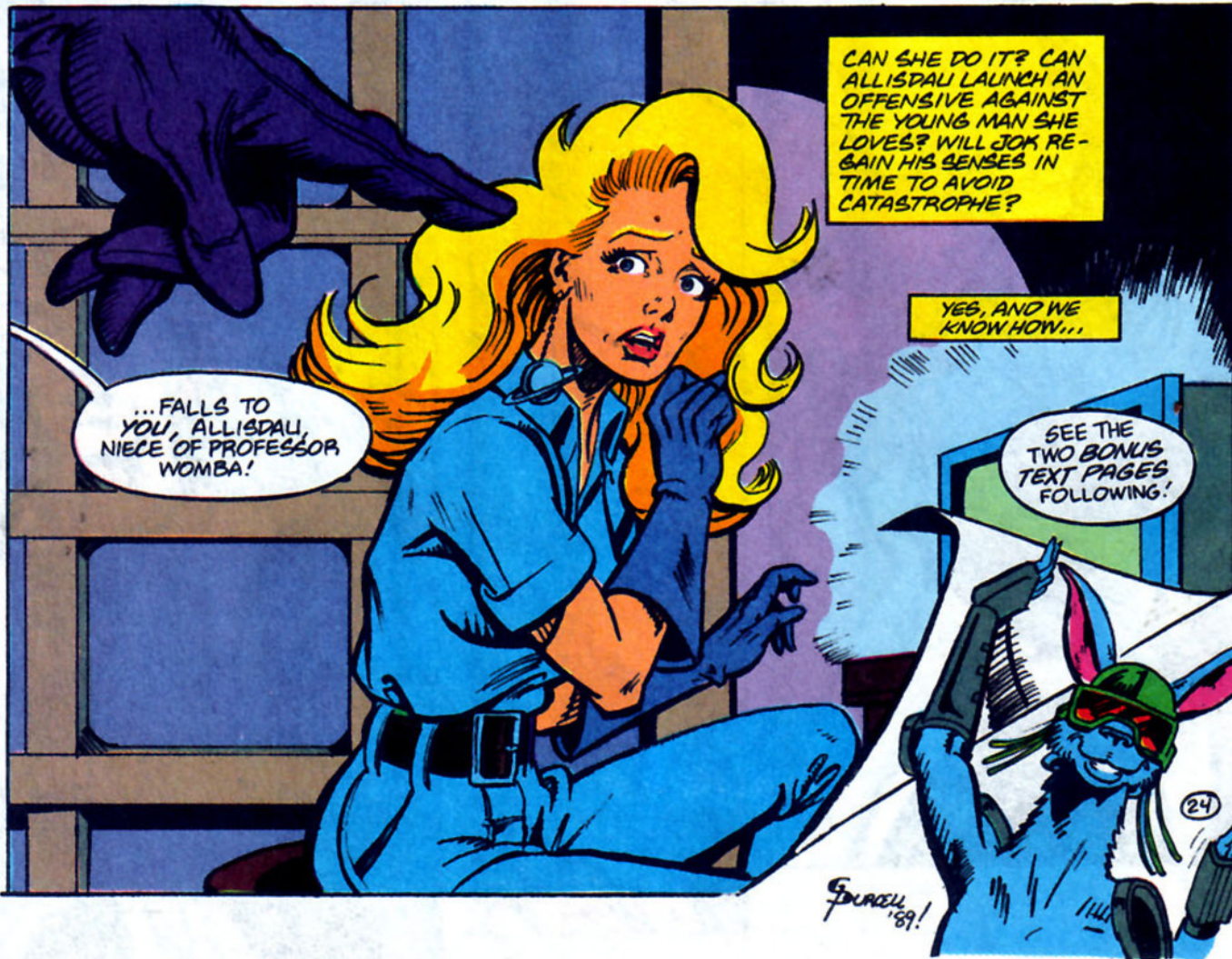


GENTLEMEN, CONGRESSMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOU'VE ASSESSED THE SITUATION. YOU KNOW THE DANGER.

WE ARE ON THE ARMAMENTS COMMITTEE, AND WE ARE ILL-EQUIPPED AFTER THE ROSEBUD ONSLAUGHT TO DEFEND THE CITY AGAIN.

I SEE.



CAN SHE DO IT? CAN ALLISDAU LAUNCH AN OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE YOUNG MAN SHE LOVES? WILL JOK RE-GAIN HIS SENSES IN TIME TO AVOID CATASTROPHE?

YES, AND WE KNOW HOW...

... FALLS TO YOU, ALLISDAU, NIECE OF PROFESSOR WOMBA!

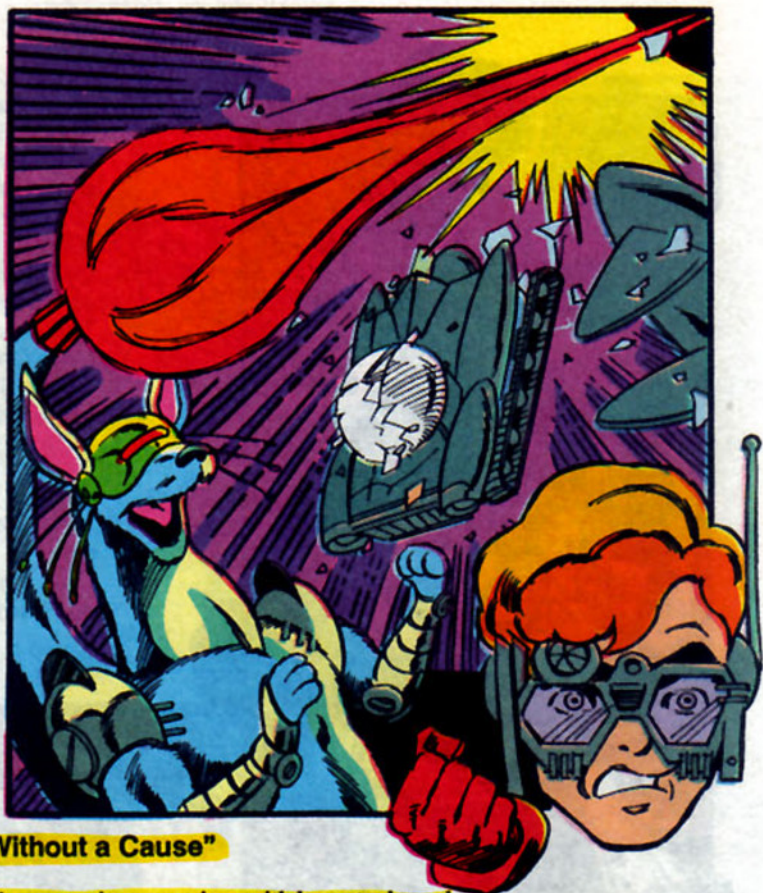
SEE THE TWO BONUS TEXT PAGES FOLLOWING!

Spencer '89!

HOW THE GOOD GUYS FINALLY WIN!

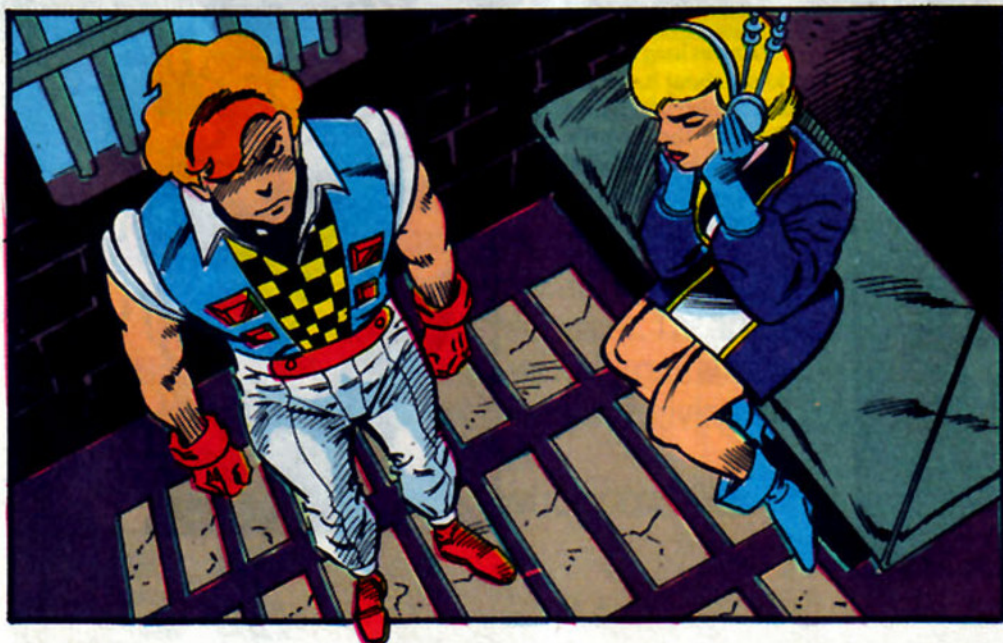
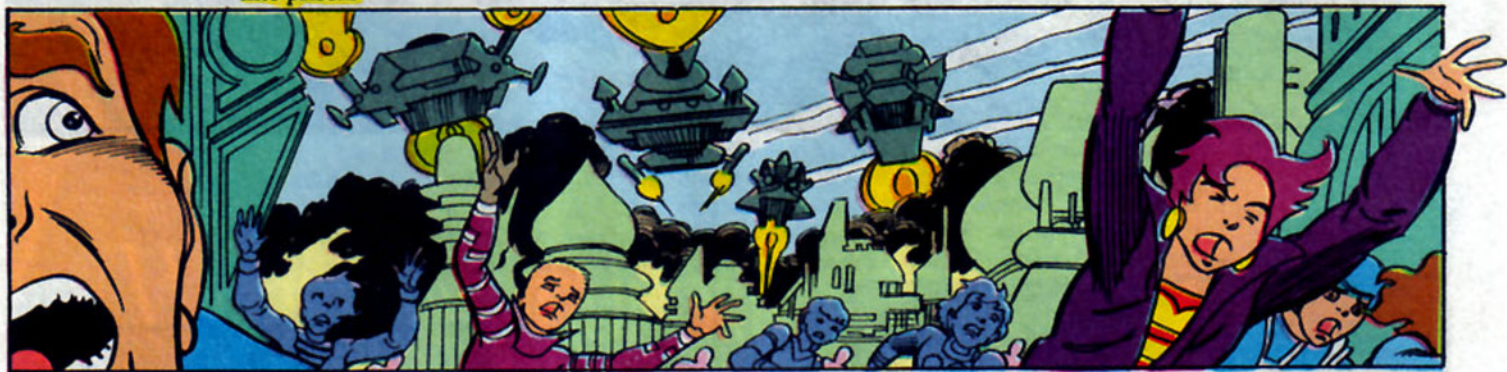
You couldn't tell from the story itself, but this is DC's last issue of the *Gammarauders* comic book. It's a simple story: the sales just didn't keep up with a level that makes it practical for us to continue to publish it. It happens. By the time it became clear that this was the way things would go, Peter Gillis had already blocked out a four-part story. We had the option of asking him to compress this into just issues 9 & 10, but we decided that this would be contrived. So we gave you issues 9 & 10 the way Peter originally conceived them. We can't expect the events of our characters' lives to compress, after all, to accommodate our clerical needs. So we have asked simply to tell you the end of the story the way it happened in his mind—the way he told it to us. So the little bonus we give you in these two pages are a writer's mind running rampant over the lives of his characters, and a talented illustrator, Alan Kupperberg, riding along in his own fashion. Thanks for coming along, and we'll see you in our gamma-dreams.

—Elliot

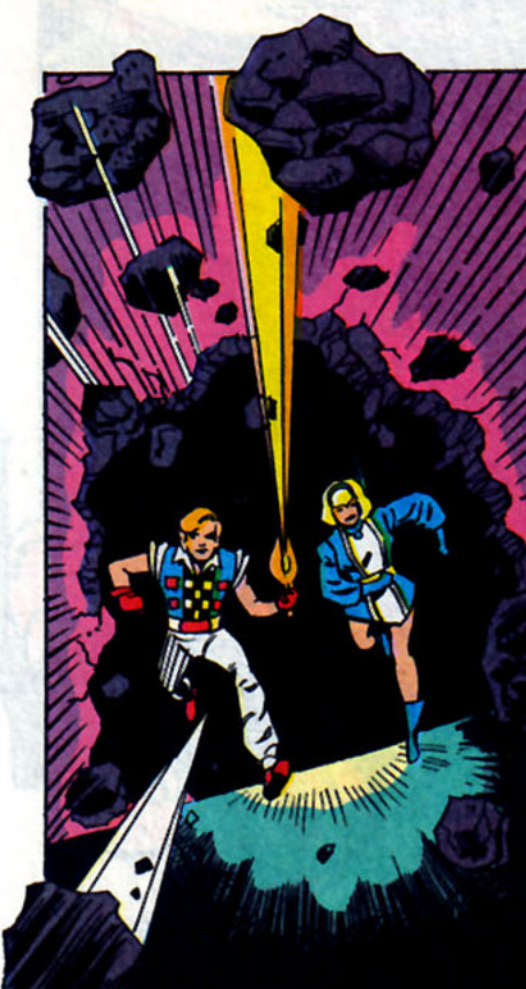


"A Gamma-Swan Song" or "Cyborg Without a Cause"

Jok and Slash show just how effective bioborgs are in comparison with hoverships and Gammajets. In fact, they are very effective. Allisdau pleads with Jok not to do this to the best hope for humankind, but Jok will not have it—especially since he hints that Allisdau was in on setting him up. Allisdau protests that this isn't so—and Jok begins to waver a bit in his fury. This is especially well timed, since the Slugnoids pick that point to invade Dodge City in a surgical strike and take Congress prisoner. Slash smilingly reveals that he set Jok up to be the vanguard of the Slugnoid strike. Strike they do, and conquer, and they throw Jok and Allisdau into prison.



Jok is in chains. The conquering Slugnoids broadcast everywhere the story that he is a traitor to the Gammarauders while he languishes in prison with Allisdau. Allie convinces him that she's innocent—but he convinces her as well of his view of life: that the life of man in the state of Nature is nasty, brutish and short. He still wants revenge on everyone who's done him wrong—but how to exact said revenge?



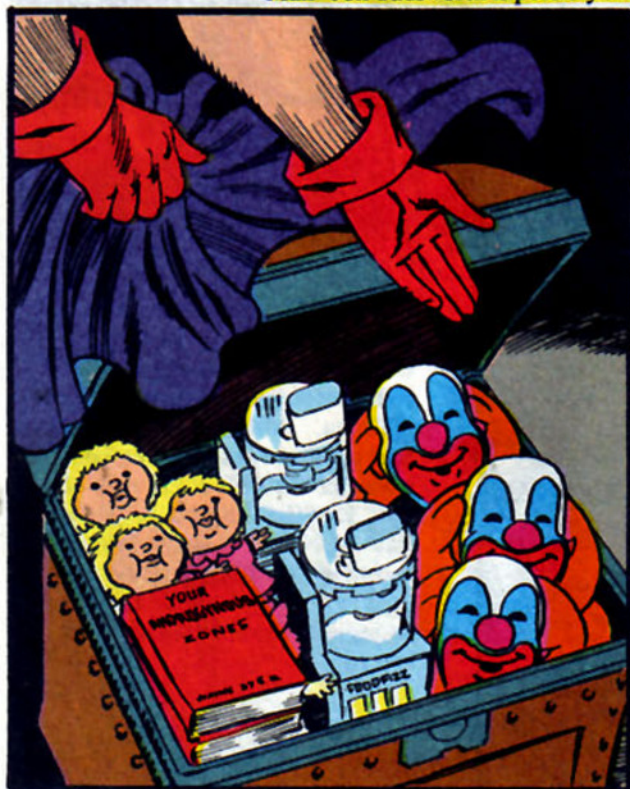
Easy—leave it to the vagaries of literary fate. Enter the Old Man from issue #1 again—someone whom Allisdau knows well—who uses his powers to bust them out. His power will go only so far, though: not enough to get them out of Slugnoid clutches altogether, but enough to get them out in the open. So Jok and Allisdau blast their way almost to freedom—and Hoag (whom the Old Man freed as well) takes care of the rest. Once free, Jok calls on the rest of the handlers to stomp on those who done 'em wrong. Will they listen to the guy who thrashed them just an issue ago? Sure, if the guy is someone with Jok's history and credentials... and the toughest bioborg on the block. They attack and defeat the Slugnoids in a battle royal. With order restored, Jok takes the offensive, accusing the conspirators of trying to kill him.

They say, "You're simply the hired help. We run things here."

"Not," Jok says, "as the husband of Allisdau Womba, I'm not—and not with this I'm not."

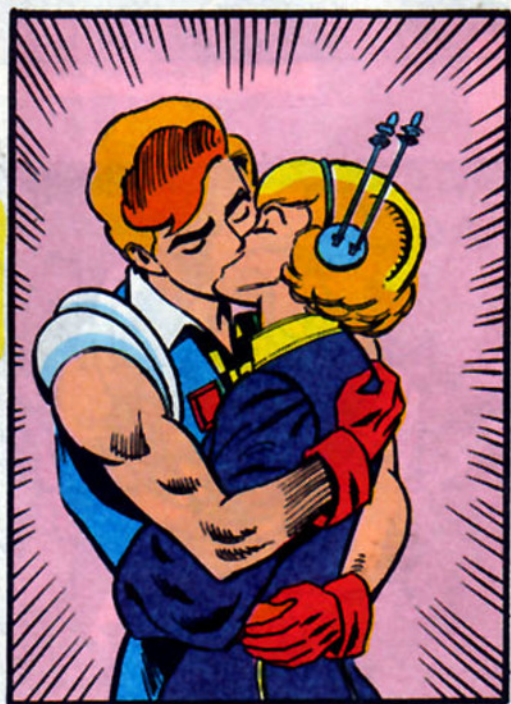


And he uncovers a trunk filled with Halloween masks of various political and entertainment figures of the waning days of the Twentieth Century, novelty-item stocking stuffers, name-brand food processors and hundreds of copies of self-help books from bestseller lists of the Nineteen-Sixties and -Seventies. With these treasures—a wedding gift from the Old Man—Jok Tadsorth is possibly the second richest man of the entire Gamma Age.



"And as long as I have anything to say about it, the bioborgs will have a voice in this Congress, to make sure they remain wild, strong—and free!" Jok and Allisdau clinch, music up, freeze frame and roll credits.

... And so it ends.



A
VIGILANTE
Scan 407

